

MOVIE CLASSIC

MAY

A-N

10

CENTS

In Canada
15c

WILL IT BE
TROUSERS
FOR WOMEN?

*** READ HOLLYWOOD'S ANSWER



IRVING
SINCLAIR

We print this ad
for **MEN**
at the request of
1,100 WOMEN



*How's
your breath
today?*

● The burden of their complaint is: "We're sick and tired of seeing nothing but women in your ads about bad breath. It isn't fair, because men are really the worst offenders. Why don't you quit picking on the women and write a few ads that will urge men to be more fastidious about their breath?"

When these requests, coming from dancing teachers, cashiers, club women and housewives, began to get over the thousand mark, we thought it about time to do something about it. This advertisement is the result.

How's your breath today?

Whether it is because men are too busy to take proper care of their mouth and teeth, or because they smoke more than women, or eat and

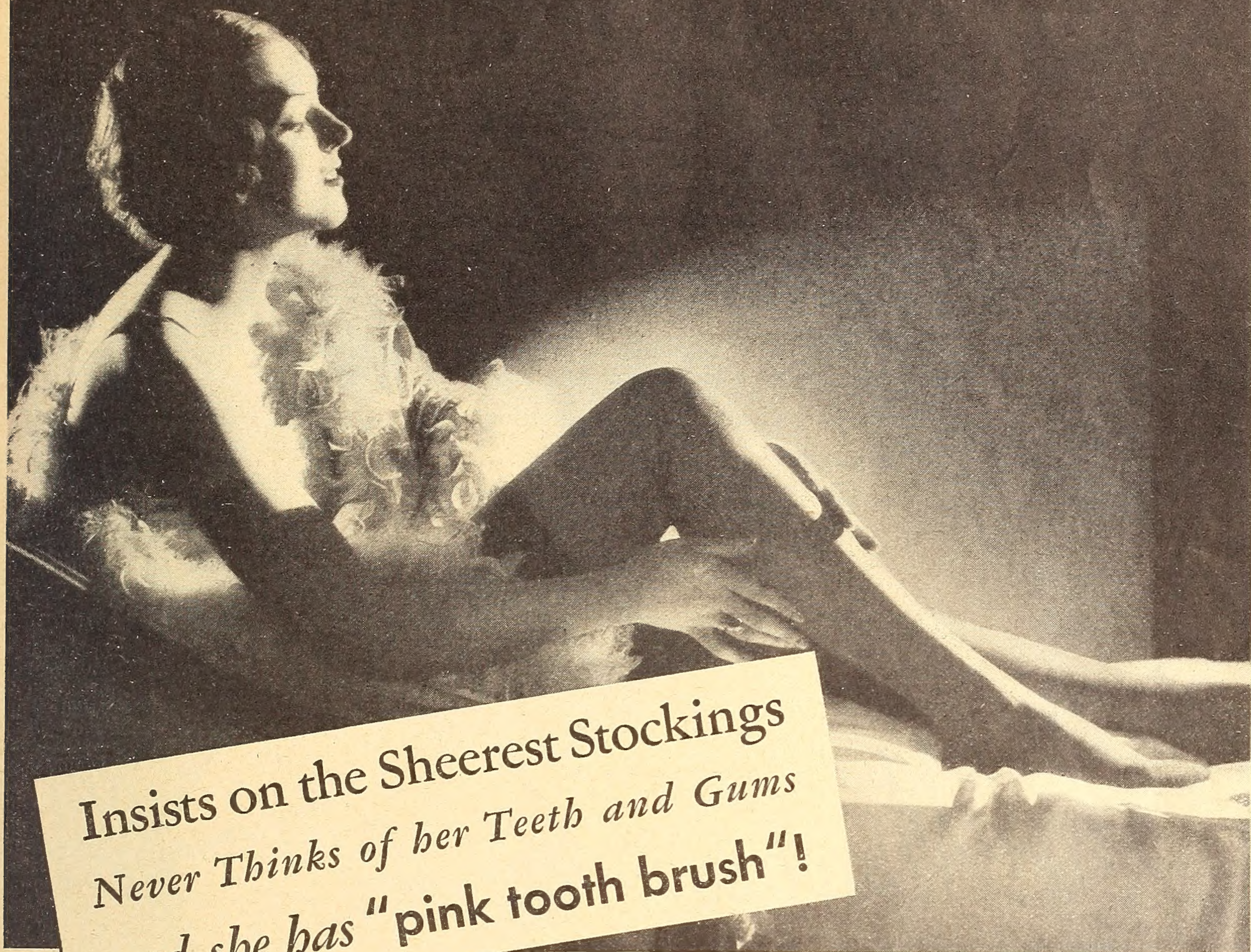
drink unwisely, the fact remains that men are the worst offenders when it comes to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Your common sense tells you that halitosis is the unforgivable fault in the business or social world. It is unforgivable because it is *inexcusable*.

The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to gargle with Listerine every morning and

night, and between times before meeting others. Don't waste your time and effort on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant effect. Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers mouth odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours. It attacks the source of odors (fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth) and destroys the odors themselves. *Lambert Pharmacal Company.*

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



*Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
and she has "pink tooth brush"!*

SHE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. II-53
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

IPANA



A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

THEN *M'sieur* LE BABY ARRIVED!



Once upon a time there was a gay young man who loved to play about Paris. One day just about playtime, he found the cutest little baby... so cute that he forgot about playing and took the little baby right straight home... for the baby looked exactly like him... But the gay young man was not supposed to have a little baby at home, for he was about to be married. So he got the baby a pretty nurse... and what do you think happened?



Maurice CHEVALIER *in* "A BEDTIME STORY"

with
HELEN TWELVETREES
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON
ADRIENNE AMES and M'SIEUR LE BABY

A Paramount Picture directed by Norman Taurog

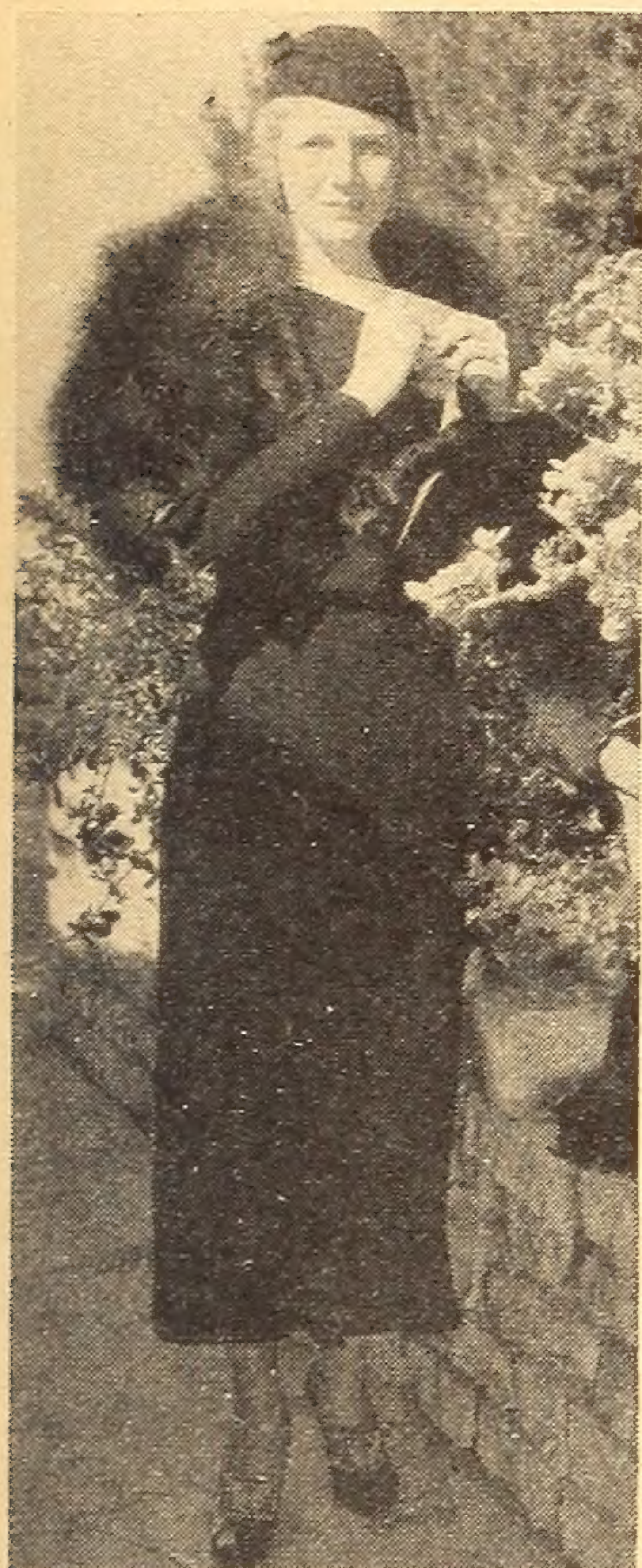
A sparkling new romance with naughty songs!

PARAMOUNT PICTURES DISTRIBUTING CORP., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 4 No. 3

MAY, 1933



Is ANN HARDING Staying or Leaving?

Hollywood has it that Ann has been unhappy about her recent rôles, except the one in "The Animal Kingdom," and aches to return to the stage.

But, on the other hand, she has just been borrowed from RKO by M-G-M, as the only star who could do justice to the movie version of the stage hit, "When Ladies Meet." And Ann can't be unhappy about that!

Will she stay, or will she leave? You may know her decision in the next couple of months!

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COVER DRAWING OF ANN HARDING BY IRVING SINCLAIR

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES

OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING



ADRIENNE AMES: This lucky actress has a broker-husband who gave her a Beverly Hills mansion (with swimming pool) and a Rolls-Royce. But in these days, what's a broker? Adrienne is appearing in Chevalier's next and raises her own gardenias anyway. Cultured, she comes of the Chenniwith line, Colonel, who settled in Virginia. Has sapphire blue eyes. Address: Palm Drive, Beverly Hills.

CONSTANCE BENNETT: Five feet four. Weighs 106. Rival stars vote her the most glamorous and temperamental woman in town. And tie her with Tashman for best-dressed, with Pickford for best hostess. That's the lady who sailed for Europe on a tramp steamer with her titled spouse. She cables she won't buy clothes in that naughty Paree. Address: Somewhere in Europe.



RICHARD ARLEN: Five feet eleven. Weighs 158. They're expecting a new baby at the Arlens' (Jobyna Ralston is the Missus). One happily married couple that didn't go boom last year. Don't the sirens know Dick rivals Weissmuller in build? That he's one of Hollywood's most attractive youngsters? But then, so's Joby. Dick has a new streak of gray hair that gives him a new romantic touch. Address: Toluca Lake.



FREDRIC MARCH: Six feet. Weighs 170. Year in, year out, half the gals in town yearn not so secretly for Freddie—that suave manner gets 'em. Meantime he stays married to Florence Eldridge, stage star whom you probably saw in "The Great Jasper." Their Gay Nineties party was a high spot of the season. In Hollywood, the Marches are Society, and Freddie is president of the Mayfair Club. Address: Beverly Hills.



WERA ENGELS: Auburn hair. Brown eyes. Twenty-four-year-old German divorcee with a mole under the left eye. Not a bit of the "foreign prima donna," this import designs her own clothes and reminds you of Sue Carol. Has a slight accent but no romances, since she wouldn't go out in Hollywood till after her first picture. Sweet. Address: 780 North Gower Street, Hollywood.

JOAN BLONDELL: One bright little wisecracker gone domestic, with cameraman Barnes, her bridegroom of a few months. The courtship had Hollywood guessing, but this star is an Outdoor Gal who likes long walks and a "real home." She went on the stage at four months and, if she left the screen, would try for a job as Al Capone's secretary. Address: Burbank.



JACK LARUE: Five feet eleven and a half. Weighs 150. Come, come, gentlemen, this Latin-looking Valentino hope should be named Jacques or Rodrigo. Like George Raft, he's from sidewalks of New York. Likes boxing. Unlike Georgie, he consented to play the narsty villain in "The Story of Temple Drake." Like Georgie, he's single—a new thrill for you gals! Dark, romantic, and appealing. Address: Paramount Studios. (See story on page 31.—Ed.)



JACK HOLT: Westerner by way of Virginia. Pursued gold in Alaska, now pursuing rustlers and cattle in pictures—pastime he has been engaged in since 1914. A man's type of man, though wimmen like him, too. Steely brown eyes. Knows hosses and owns a few dozen of them. Plays a mean game of polo. Cowboy clothes fit him well. So does his tuxedo. Ditto the mustache. Address: Hollywood.



KAY FRANCIS: Her story puzzles. On leaving college she entered secretarial school and studied shorthand. Then left for eight months in Europe. On returning to America, she determined to go on the stage. It doesn't make sense but the gal succeeded. Happily married to Kenneth MacKenna and fighting for Hollywood's best-dressed title. Owns a "future home" on Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Address: Burbank.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE: "Certainly I'll marry again—sometimes!" says the glittering blonde. (Note that final "s"!) Orchidaceous? That's the word. Previous experiences have been Mr. Archer, millionaire, Mr. Hopkins, millionaire, Mr. Joyce, multi-millionaire, and Count Morner of Sweden. Now it looks as if Jack Oakie, comedian, might be added. Can you GIVE, Jack? Address: Marathon Street.



JIMMY DURANTE: Five feet seven and a half. Weighs 155. Blue eyes that light up when you mention Garbo. Claims he is only mans who unnerstan's her. Knows New York's back alleys. Played pianner and sang roustabout songs on the Bowery. Likes fishing trips and (believe it or not) collects stamps. Hollywood wonders about the schnozzle. Is it wax? Address: Majestic Theatre, New York City, where he's vacationing in "Strike Me Pink."

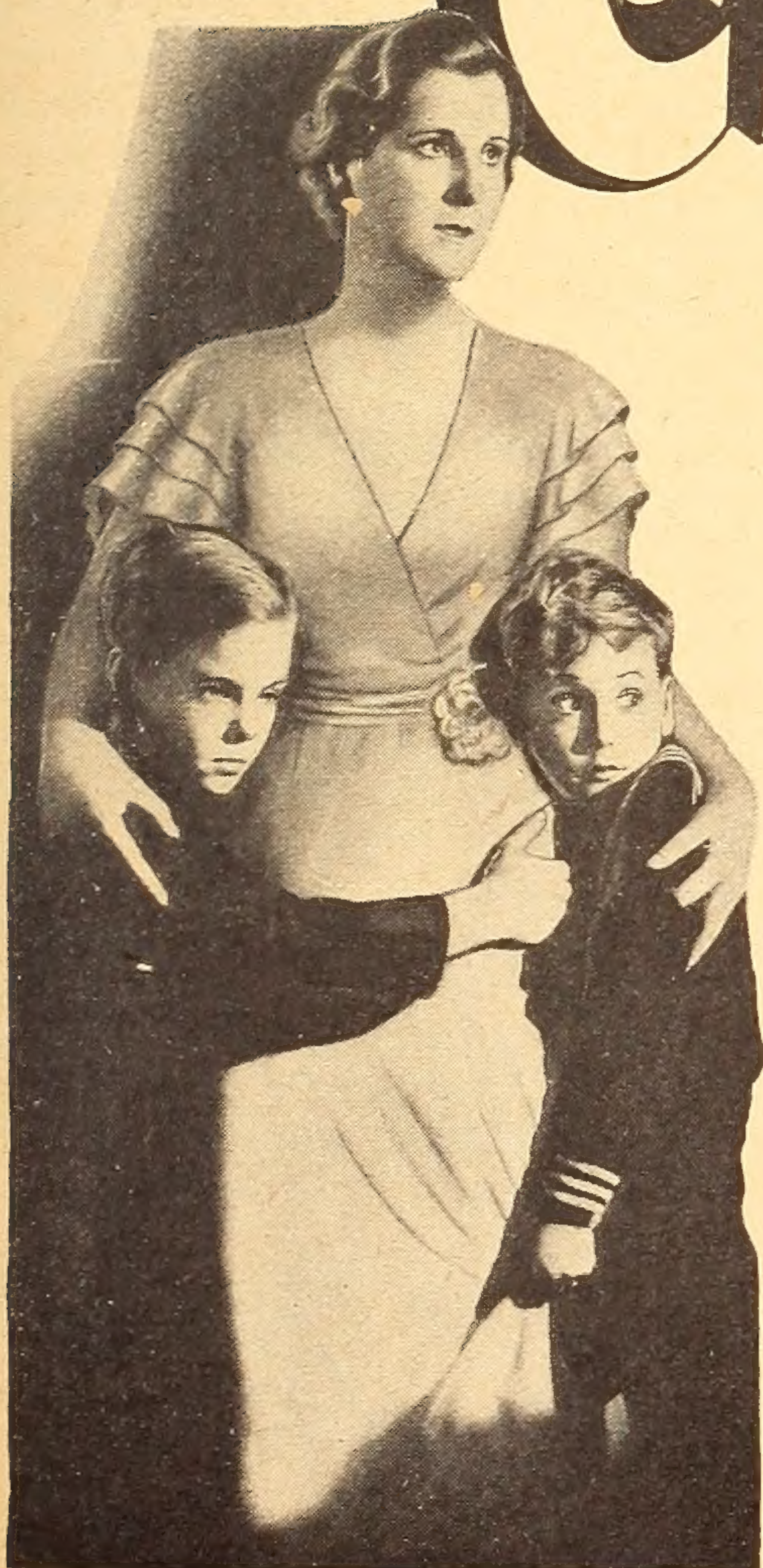


BRIAN AHERNE: Six feet two and a half. Weighs 185. Brown hair. Blue eyes. The lad who's making Dietrich go sissy. When you see Marlene in girl's clothes with a handsome escort, that's Aherne! He's athletic, intelligent, and, they say, your new matinee idol. You'll get a chance to decide when you see "Song of Songs." He was Katharine Cornell's hero in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Address: Marathon Street.

**A
HAUNTINGLY
BEAUTIFUL
LOVE STORY**

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!

NOEL COWARD'S
CAVALCADE
PICTURE OF THE GENERATION



Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!

LOUELLA PARSONS: Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger: If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch: The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

ATLANTA Constitution: It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

NEW YORK Herald Tribune: The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

BOSTON Herald: It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

CHICAGO Tribune: "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

FOX

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

AMERICA was sick financially; its morale was shattered; it needed someone to diagnose its ills and then work fast to correct them. It needed a leader to bring order out of chaos. And it got one. When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President on March fourth, he became more than President; he became a semi-dictator. It wasn't a matter of choice with him; it was a matter of necessity. It was the only way to keep conditions from getting worse, the only way to hurry up recovery. And America began to feel better right away.

The movie industry is sick financially; its morale is shattered; it, too, needs someone to diagnose its ills and work fast to correct them. It, too, needs a leader to bring order out of chaos.

HOLLYWOOD, no less than Washington, needs someone who will "drive the money-changers from the temples." Hollywood needs someone who knows where operating expenses can be cut—and should be cut. Hollywood needs someone to tell it that salaries must come down, so that there will be enough money to go around. Hollywood needs someone to impress upon it the need of team work, someone to make the old war-cry of "every man for himself" as unpopular a pastime as Roosevelt made hoarding.

HOLLYWOOD, for years, has been a gigantic grab bag—with everybody grabbing as much as he could for himself. There was fame in the bag, and there was gold. The gold was the important thing. Nobody stopped to think that sometime, perhaps, the bottom of the bag would be reached. But the bottom is now in sight.

New York bankers, who have sunk millions in film companies, are now tying up the purse-strings. They have taken off their rose-colored glasses and now see clearly where their money has been thrown away. They loaned money to bolster a great industry—and the industry didn't even feel the effects of the loan. The money-grabbers got the money. High salaries ate it up. Now, the bankers are through—until Hollywood gets wise to itself, until it drives the money-grabbers from the temples.

THE depression has finally caught up with Hollywood—which only read about it in the papers before. For the retreat of the bankers, coupled with the bank holiday, caught Hollywood short of cash. "Salary holidays" had to be declared. Overnight, fifty per cent pay cuts went into effect. *Fifty per cent pay cuts!* Stop to think that one over. When any industry can slash its salaries in half overnight and still get along—there must have been something wrong with those salaries in the first place!

BUT even when the necessity for such cuts loomed up, did everybody pull together and say, "Sure, we're willing to take them—for the sake of the industry"? Was there team work in the crisis? Far from it!

Executives and most of their stars were willing. Some players and union workers of the studios weren't willing. They were still out to get as much as they could, just as long as they possibly could. And what to do about it?

When the Boston police staged a strike a few years ago, crippling law and order, the city fathers recruited an entirely new police force. The former cops, who had refused to listen to reason and had thought of only themselves, were just out in the cold—where they deserved to be. Hollywood might well take a lesson from Boston.

SUNNY Southern California had been told for fifteen years that an earthquake was overdue; it refused to believe it. Hollywood has been told for four years that reduction of salaries was overdue; the movie colony laughed. Both are now wiser. All buildings, from now on, will be earthquake-proof. All star and executive salaries, from now on, will be smaller—much smaller. Isn't it out of all proportion when any blonde, no matter how dazzling, receives five times the salary of the President of the United States? And isn't it a bit incongruous when a third assistant vice president of a minor film company gets twice as much per year as the head of America's biggest bank?

ONE executive, laughing off the crisis, says, "Hollywood can never be doomed except by producing bad pictures. These money troubles, I think, are only temporary. Art has never been fostered by finance."

And in that last sentence, I think, the gentleman errs. Art, to Hollywood's mind, constitutes something lavish—something on a million-dollar scale. And what, pray tell, can foster such "art" except finance—and big-time finance, at that?

Also, I think, he errs in his first sentence. Plenty of play producers, who haven't produced poor plays, have ended up comparatively poor. Consider Ziegfeld, for one; and Belasco, for another. Lavishness and debt might conceivably do the same thing for many a movie producer.

And in his second sentence, as well, the gentleman may be in error—unless the economies that Hollywood is now putting in force are permanent, not temporary. Any college economics class could tell him that.

AND in case you might be thinking that I'm just filling up space by talking of Hollywood's need for a leader, or even a dictator, listen to what Conrad Nagel, President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, recently said: "Some day soon, Hollywood will find the brilliant leader it so desperately needs, and then it will emerge from the morass of bewildering theory and haphazard effort. Then the industry will find that the present critical condition is a thing of the past."

Keep your eyes on Hollywood. It's going through a crisis!

TWO members of the New York State legislature have just had a brainstorm—a storm that may spread to other states. They have introduced a bill to prohibit the showing of pictures that would, "without warrant or cause, tend to undermine public confidence in public officials and their conduct of office." In other words, the movies, must see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil about politicians who rise to high places and then abuse their authority. Newspapers, magazines, books and the stage can still say as much as they wish on the subject—for they can't be suppressed by politicians. But maybe movies can be—for politicians control censorship boards, censors being appointed, not elected. To stifle the movies more than they are stifled already has vicious possibilities. It's like a kidnap gang telling a victim's family, "Do just as we want you to do, or it's your child's finish."

Larry Reid

JOAN: "I love my role in 'TODAY WE LIVE'. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

LEO: "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

JOAN: "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper"



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.

SEE, JOHN...WE CAN
LEAVE ANY DAY OF THE
WEEK, STAY AS LONG AS
WE LIKE, AND SAVE \$14



Greyhound savings
are effective

**"Not for
just a day"**

but every day, every schedule

HOW often have you set your heart on a trip—only to find that the enticing low fares were only effective on inconvenient days—that you must cut your visit short to keep within round trip limits?

Now compare the *everyday* fares of Greyhound Bus Lines with both regular and excursion rates offered by other travel ways. Far lower, in almost every case.

Remember, there are no awkward strings tied to Greyhound's basic fares—they are effective every day, every schedule, on the most modern first class coaches. Make your next trip this way. We promise a big saving and a pleasant journey.

Information Offices:

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. . . . 9 Main Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . . Broad Street Station
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . 917 McGee Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. . 509 6th Ave., North
SAN ANTONIO, TEX. . . Pecan & Navarro Sts.
NEW YORK CITY Nelson Tower
CHARLESTON, W. VA. . . 601 Virginia Street
LEXINGTON, KY. . . . 801 N. Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . . 109 East 7th Street
MEMPHIS, TENN. . . . 146 Union Avenue
RICHMOND, VA. . . . 412 East Broad Street
NEW ORLEANS, LA. . . 400 N. Rampart Street
WINDSOR, ONTARIO . 1004 Security Building



GREYHOUND
Lines

Exposition Booklet, Information—Free

We have a pictorial, informational booklet about the Chicago World's Fair—yours for the asking. Just clip and mail this coupon to the nearest Greyhound office listed above. Also jot down here any other trips in which you are interested, and we'll send full information.

Name _____

Address _____

MC-5

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

\$20.00 Letter Chinese Screen Villainy

CAN nothing be done to overthrow the Fu Manchu dynasty in Chinese motion pictures? The secret passage, the poison ring, the silken cord about lily-white throat—will these, like the poor, be always with us?

Apparently without hope of surcease, we must lend eye and ear to the story of the lovers separated by parental machinations and the girl sold into a loveless marriage. To escape this fate worse than death, the unwilling bride kills herself, her husband, or both. The father, innocent but helpless in the toils of the villain, must take his own life to atone for the disgrace to his house.

There is but one redeeming feature—the number of deaths in the end. But this does not prevent a future incarnation in which they suffer and sin anew.

There is only one remedy—do away finally and forever with the sneering Chinese villain, mouthing dire threats cloaked in Oriental philosophy. Then no more moon-flowers will fall into his sinister clutches, to be cast up as broken blossoms on the cinema shore.

GEORGE D. REYNOLDS, Altoona, Pa.

\$10.00 Letter Shades of Baron Munchausen!

I'VE seen a lot of war pictures, but never one that varied so much from the real article as does "Private Jones." I've seen a lot of rear rank privates and plenty of shavetails, but I never heard a single one talking to a lieutenant like *Private Jones*. Maybe conditions have changed in the last few years, but *Private Jones* would have been promptly clapped into the "hoosegow" according to my best recollections of military life.

Withal it is a clever picture and a lively one. Lee Tracy fills his part well and provokes some good rib-tickling laughter. And, after all, a hearty laugh makes us overlook the military inaccuracies that flood the picture.

Come again, Lee Tracy! We're pulling for you, you old buck private!

JASPER B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Cal.

\$5.00 Letter American Idols Lack Polish

IT is a singular fact that three of the most charming and versatile actors in the Talkies today are Englishmen—Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard. They are a caustic challenge to our Gable, Powell and Cooper.

Isn't it a fact that our own American male idols mirror too much of this "rough and tough" element and lack some of those finer qualities that register with women as "perfect gentlemen"?

Don't misconstrue this letter . . . I adore all our American movie heroes . . . but couldn't they seep up a tiny bit of this Colman-

Marshall-Howard charm and polish? Or is that English trait "born and not made"?

ANNETTE VICTORIN, Cicero, Ill.

Back to the Farm

BUSTED, disgusted and distrusted, I wandered into a movie to forget my troubles. The picture was "State Fair." Before I realized it, I found myself amidst green pastures and cool waters. The charm of that quiet countryside brought me back to the days of my youth, and I was Norman Foster, suffering his very trials and tribulations. As for Will Rogers and Louise Dresser, they were my own ma and pa, not so many years ago. And there was the country sweetheart with the blue sunbonnet with whom I used to walk down the shady lanes, before "big money" lured me to the city that humored me for a few years and then ruthlessly landed me in the ranks of the unemployed.

Well, I left that theater with a definite purpose in mind. I'm going back to help the old folks on the farm, for "State Fair" has made me realize that I've always been a "country" boy at heart.

JOE MILLER, Charlotte, N. C.

"Rain" Still Swanson's Show

I WENT to see "Rain" and as Joan Crawford laughed and cried through the scenes I thought of another Sadie Thompson; of eyes that slanted shades naughtier; of a feather that drooped wearily in the rain and an umbrella that ran tiny rivulets of water. A tiny, vibrant, beautiful, appealing Sadie—Gloria Swanson!

Joan Crawford may jam the box office in "Possessed," she may run abreast with Garbo, if the part is especially written for her, she may aspire to the very heights in the near future, but never in a picture through which Gloria Swanson has walked with the true artistry that is hers.

RUBY PERNINOR OZBUN, Pittsburg, Kan.

A Boom for Bing

CROONERS, as a class, never made any appeal to me. To be brief and explicit, I did not like them and refused to listen to them. It made no difference who the crooner was—Crosby, Columbo or Vallee.

This was before "The Big Broadcast" and now I make an exception of Crosby. I did not go to see "The Big Broadcast" because of Bing Crosby, but in spite of him, and because I wanted to see other favorite radio entertainers as well as hear them. I came away a Crosby fan.

He has good looks, a better voice than I expected, an entire lack of self-consciousness

and, best of all, a sense of humor. He doesn't object to being a little ridiculous if it will help the picture. He has not, of course, the polished perfection of a John Barrymore or the compelling ruggedness of a Clark Gable, but he does have the clean, boyish sort of good looks that every woman likes to see in a man she loves, be he brother, son or sweetheart.

JULIA CONSTANCER,
Lincoln, Nebr.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR



with NANCY CARROLL • FRANK MORGAN • PAUL LUKAS • GLORIA STUART

Presented by
CARL LAEMMLE

IT'S A UNIVERSAL

While she was primping before the mirror, her adoring husband kissed her. *It angered her.* The primping was not for him. He realized it instantly, followed her—found her in her lover's arms and killed her.

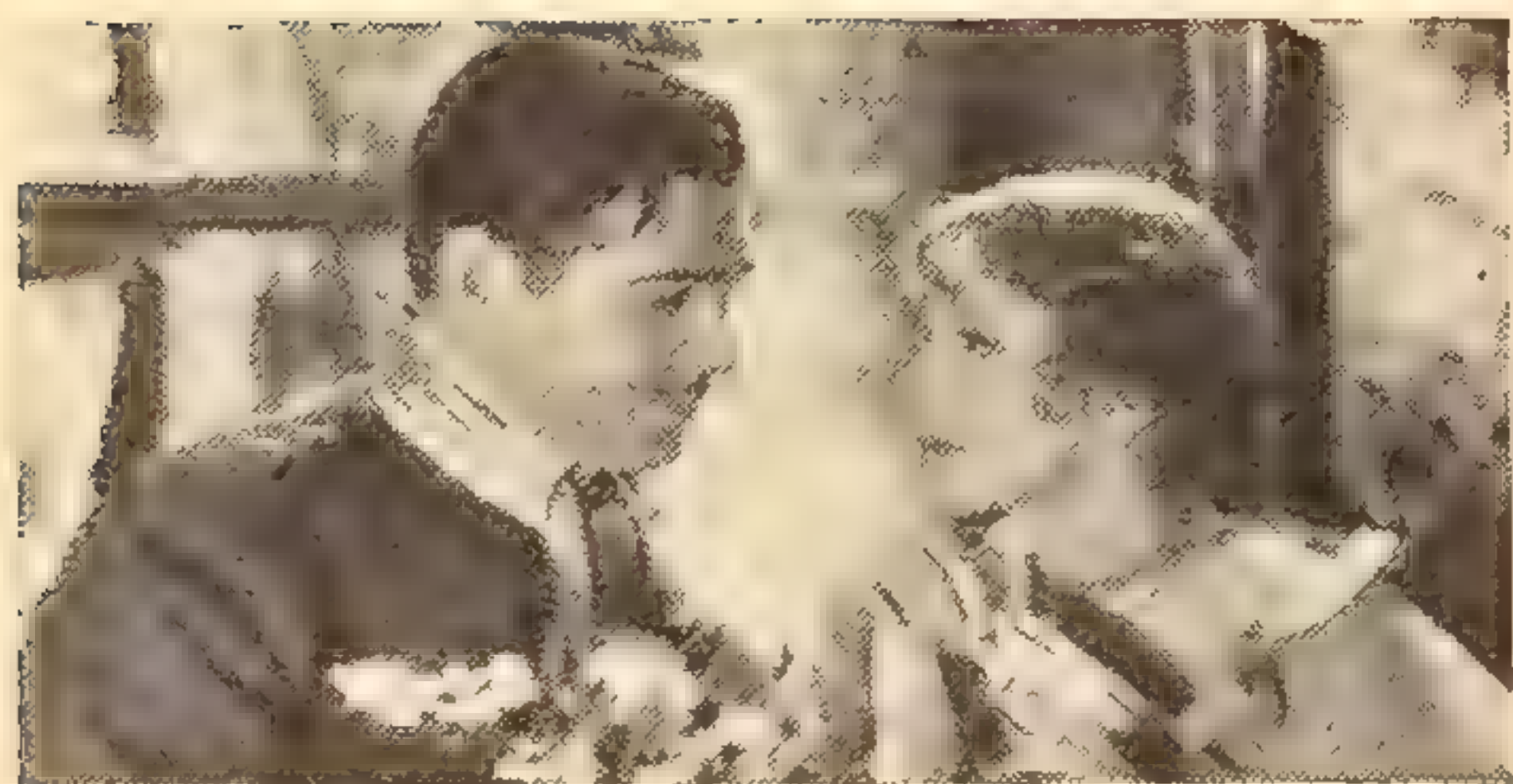
His intimate friend, who defended him in court, found a similar situation in his own home, and promised himself that he would follow his friend's example. Did he or did he not? What happened? This picture will stir you to the core. It is modern romance and tragedy combined, *beautifully* acted by players of more than the average moving-picture talent.

Directed by
JAMES WHALE

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



THE WHITE SISTER

I haven't forgotten Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in the 1924 version of "The White Sister." But I don't expect to forget Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in the talkie version, either. The story of the girl who enters a convent, believing her soldier-lover dead, has all the power of heartache it ever had. And the story, itself, has taken on a more modern touch. *Giovanni* is now an aviator, not an infantryman; the World War, not an African expedition, parts him from *Angela*; and an enemy air raid near the convent, not a volcano, gives him one last chance to prove his love. Helen improves on Lillian, with her early animation heightening the later tragedy. Gable looks less like a Latin than Colman did, but is no less memorable a lover. You can't afford to miss it. For it's one of those rare pictures that will stay with you a long, long time.



EX-LADY

This is something for the Younger Generation. What with Spring and Junior Proms in full flower, there's going to be plenty of talk about marriage—and just in case any of the youngsters are plotting the companionate kind, good old Hollywood is all set to head them off. At least, that's the impression I got. For Bette Davis, who is one of our pert, modern maidens, has the notion that marriage ruins love—and when she weds Gene Raymond, they decide that they're both still going to be free. And so they are, until she sees him with Kay Strozzi and he sees her with Monroe Owsley—and that old green-eyed monster appears. Maybe you can guess the outcome. If you can't, you might take a look at Bette Davis making herself into a star. She does better by the story than the story does by her. It's a bit unusual to see a blond hero with a blonde heroine, but the experiment works.



MEN MUST FIGHT

"Men Must Fight" has the makings of a great picture—but it misses fire. For here is a story that looks as if it might do the same thing to war that "Cavalcade" did, and here is Diana Wynyard repeating the magnificent performance that she gave in "Cavalcade"—but then, at the end, the story weakens and turns a right-about-face, letting everybody down. In the World War, Diana loses her aviator-lover and has to marry another man (Lewis Stone) to give her son a name. She vows that this son (who grows up to be Phillips Holmes) will never go to war. She fights war, especially when her husband becomes Secretary of State. But war does come—in 1940—and she sees her son enlist, and cheers him. And then, I grieve to tell you, the story goes spectacular, instead of ironic. Lewis Stone is more of a help than Phillips Holmes.



SAILOR'S LUCK

James Dunn and Sally Eilers—who have been parted too long—get together again in "Sailor's Luck." If you have heard that it was once called "Bad Boy" (which made it sound like a sequel to "Bad Girl"), forget it. For the characters they play this time bear small resemblance to those in Vina Delmar's story. Sally is a girl out of a job, and Jimmy is a sailor who is not only on shore leave, but also "on the make." He wants to help Sally, but when he makes a proposal that doesn't mention marriage, she can't go through it. That changes Jimmy—until he sees her with a deep-dyed villain, takes too much for granted, and brings on a fight that is a near-riot. The comedy is contagious; the romance is secondary; and the two stars are excellent. Maybe I'd better tell you that it's more for a gay mood than a romantic one.



CHRISTOPHER STRONG

In her second picture, as in her first, Katharine Hepburn goes in for noble self-sacrifice. For once again she runs head-on into a romance that cannot end in marriage. She is a world-famous young aviatrix who hasn't had time for love, until she meets Colin Clive. He is an English diplomat, a married man with a grown daughter—not the elderly play-boy type. They fall in love, fighting against the attraction, even parting for a time. And *this* romance between Youth and Age isn't a bit sordid. Just otherwise. You're hoping for the lovers all the time—and if you aren't prepared, the ending may stun you. Clive walks away with the acting honors. Katharine, at times, seems nervous, almost a victim of stage-fright. But oh, what personality she has! As if I had to tell you!



THE MASQUERADER

Every actor has a yen to play a dual rôle—and Ronald Colman get his wish in "The Masquerader," which may be his last picture for two years or so, if he carries out present plans. He is a brilliant Member of Parliament, who is a nerve-tortured drug addict—and he is this man's "double," who steps into the other's shoes when his nerves give way. But while the "double" contracts to make speeches and public appearances, he doesn't contract to fall in love with the other's estranged wife—which he does. (And you can't blame him, either, with Elissa Landi as the wife.) Only the other man's mistress (Juliette Compton) suspects the masquerade. It's all a bit implausible, but it does have suspense, and Colman does a smooth, expert job, with both pathos and humor.

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Never before has the screen had the courage to present a story so frank—so outspoken—yet so true! Get set for a surprise sensation!

Introducing...
filmdom's newest favorite
in the stardom she earned
in "Cabin in the Cotton" and
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BETTE DAVIS in "EX-LADY"

With Gene Raymond, Monroe Owsley, Frank McHugh, Claire Dodd, Kay Strozzi... Directed by Robert Florey... One more in the sensational series of 1933 hits from
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like magic" . . . writes Miss Kay Carroll.
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**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**

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N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

Goings-On Among the Players

By STACY KENT

HOW high is up, anyway? John Gilbert, who has had his share of this fame business, could probably answer the question—and with a few, good, old-English cuss-words thrown in for good measure. You remember John, of course. In the pre-Gable era he was the de luxe great lover. When Garbo and Gilbert put on a necking match the film burst into flame, and strong women were carried from the theatre. But those were the dear, dead days when all we had to worry about was prohibition and hay fever.

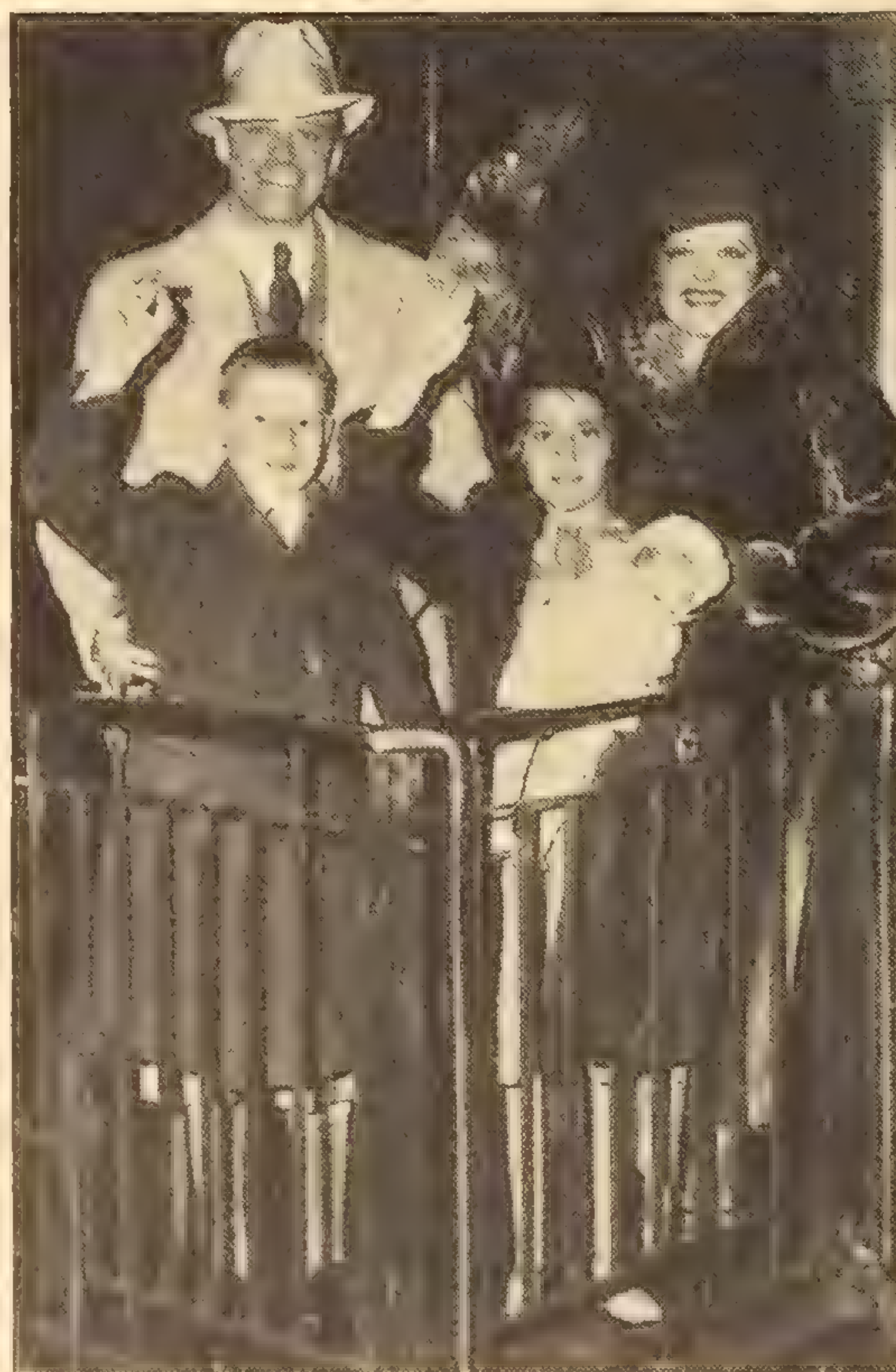
Just recently John completed his last fillum for M-G-M—a little opusyclept "Fast Workers." He returned one afternoon from the set to discover his elegant dressing-room bungalow in the possession of carpenters and sundry other workmen. The picture was not to be completed for two weeks, but no time was being lost. When that picture was finished John moved out, and out of M-G-M. A new producer on the lot wanted the bungalow for his executive offices.

John exploded, so terrified witnesses say, and the workmen left in a hurry, scattering hammers and saws along the way. But that isn't the point of the story. Another star has discovered the bitter fact that "up" isn't so very "high," after all, in Hollywood.

QUITE a few stars have been wondering where in the Sam Hill their next Rolls-Royce was coming from, but no one expected to wonder where they could get a dime

for a can of beans. The Hollywood banks were open for business one afternoon, and the very next morning they weren't open for any kind of business. And never let it be said that a secret can't be kept in Hollywood. No one had the slightest inkling that a bank holiday was imminent. Consequently everyone was shy on that vulgar, but beautiful thing called cash.

The first press-agent story to break into print about it concerned Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who, of all people in the world, had just thirteen cents. She had to vamp the studio gateman into paying her taxi bill. Peggy doesn't want diamonds any more. She wants a leg of lamb and cans of soup. June Collyer started on a career of crime by robbing her baby's bank, and David Manners borrowed four dollars from his Filipino houseboy before the lad had time



Keystone

Clara Bow and Rex Bell were accompanied westward by John and Lilian Bow, nephew and niece of the famous redhead. These twins, aged ten, will attend school in Hollywood and live with Clara

to read the headlines in the papers.

At the Henry King bridge party all the debts were paid by check, and there was a bank president there, too. Golly, he must have felt pretty silly.

Tom Brown gave a tin can dinner—the guests bringing their own tin cans. But there was one ray of hope—Hollywood bootleggers were still taking checks, optimists that they were.

THE lady had a country house near Beverly Hills, but three miles from the nearest picture theatre. Having a hankering for a little entertainment via the cinema route, she sent her Chinese butler to find out what was showing that evening at

the local film emporium. In due course the butler returned with the surprising news that it was something about "bank president robbing the people." Curiosity finally got the better of the lady. She had to go see what it was all about. Here was the sign on the marquee—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."

HOLLYWOOD, so profligate with its favors, is more adept at heart-breaking than Theda Bara in her best vamping days. The movie town has almost succeeded in breaking the heart and spirit of Colleen Moore, the favorite daughter of three or four years past.

She returned to Hollywood in a stage play and proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that she had outgrown her flapper days—and deserved serious consideration as a dramatic actress. Numerous contracts were offered her, and she chose M-G-M. For almost a year now she has been under contract, drawing salary, and never facing the camera except for an occasional test.

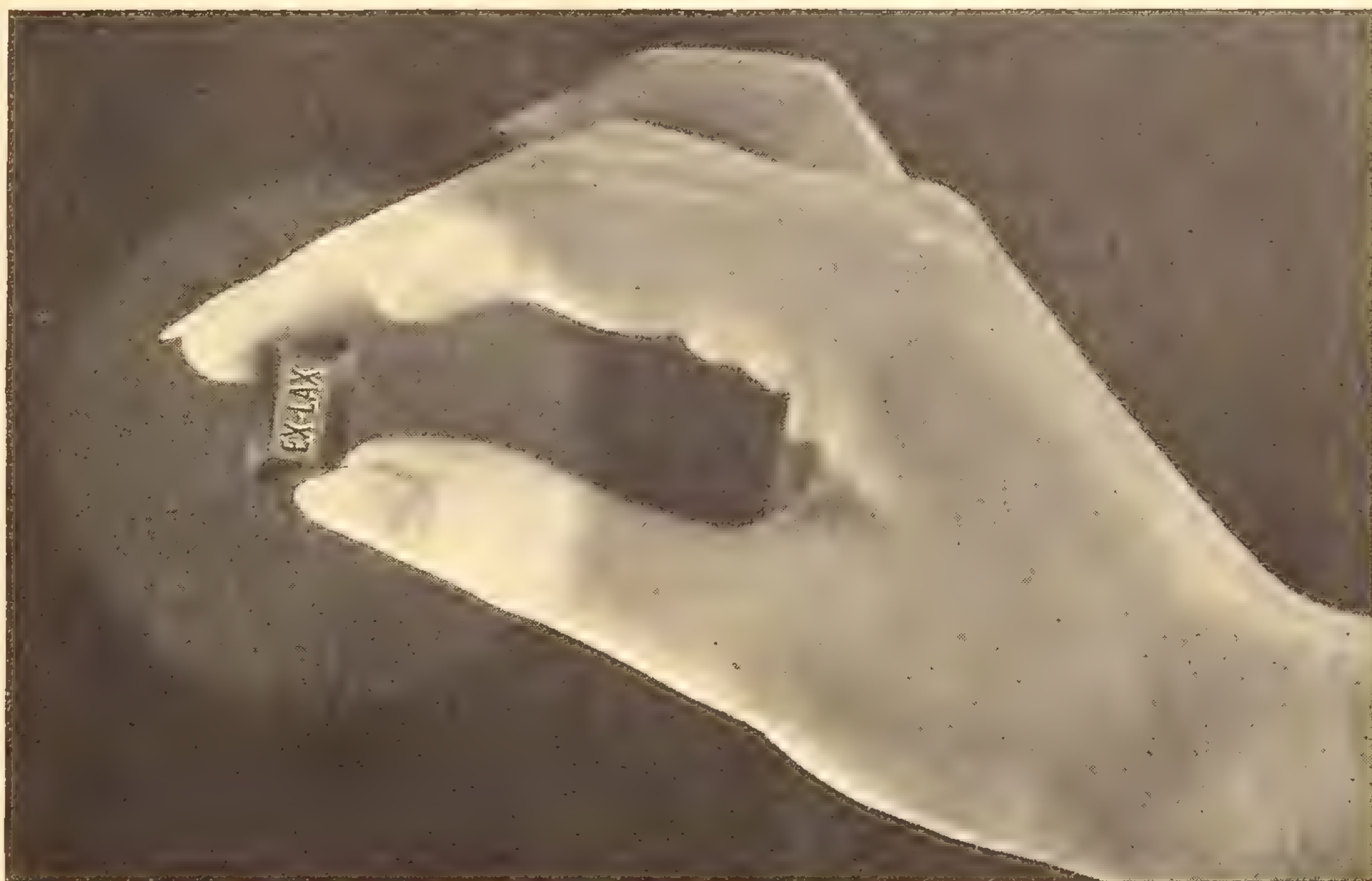
Then she was borrowed by Fox for the leading rôle in "The Power and the Glory." It offered her a great opportunity for she was to play both a young girl and an old woman. Colleen was happy. The picture was not unlike "So Big," and that had always been her favorite picture despite the success of her flapper dramas. At last she was to return to the films after years of waiting. Then, suddenly, the picture was canceled. Colleen is still waiting, and wondering if that "break" will ever come.

ALMOST any bright, sunny day along the elegant streets of Beverly Hills and Brentwood, you're liable to see a bicycling party out for whoopee and slim waistlines. In Palm Springs it isn't safe to risk yourself on the streets. You're liable to come to with Janet Gaynor, and her bicycle, in your lap. The hotels practically issue "bikes" with the bathroom soap. Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, and Mary Pickford are enthusiasts. Even the dignified Leslie Howard dons shorts, and pedals about, looking at the scenery.

Jean Harlow, and there's a smart gal, has all the exercise without troubling to buy one of the durned things. She just lies flat on her back in her boudoir, points her tootsies toward the ceiling, and pedals away for dear life. She says she gets the exercise with about half the effort.

And not that this has ANYTHING to do with bicycling, good gracious
(Continued on page 65)

Just a little piece of chocolate



YET what a big part it plays in the health of millions

It *looks* like chocolate. It *tastes* like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.



Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year.

There's only one Ex-Lax!

Success breeds envy. Beware of imitations of Ex-Lax! The names of some imitations *sound* like Ex-Lax. But there is only one *genuine* Ex-Lax. See the exact spelling when you buy. Insist on getting Ex-Lax to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results!

Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.

keep "regular" with **EX-LAX**
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Smile for
the Ladies



(AND POCKET
\$3
THE 3 OR SO
THAT YOU
SAVE)

*Pay less for your Tooth Paste
and get better results*

Let's be fair. There are a number of good tooth pastes—all made by reputable manufacturers, who feel a responsibility to the public as well as to their own pockets.

But these first-rate dentifrices commonly cost 40 or 50 cents a tube. There is, however, one—Listerine Tooth Paste—that is regularly priced at 25 cents for the large size.

We don't pretend that you will suffer from pyorrhea, gingivitis, or trench mouth if you go on using a tooth paste in the half-dollar class. But you *will* be throwing away about \$3 a year. And you'll also be missing a chance to have a brighter, more engaging smile, with cleaner teeth and healthier gums!

Since improved methods of manufacture and a huge demand give you Listerine Tooth Paste at a quarter a tube—and since a new polishing agent makes it do a better job than costlier pastes—isn't it just plain common sense to give it a trial?

You will not be disappointed. People tell us that Listerine Tooth Paste makes dingy, lusterless teeth white and sparkling in two or three brushings—that it firms the gums wonderfully, and leaves a pleasant, invigorating after-taste in the mouth.

Those are just the results we *meant* it to give, regardless of what it would have to cost. That's why we put into it a cleansing and polishing agent so fine that it cannot scratch the softest enamel, yet hard enough to remove tartar, discoloration, and tobacco stains in record time.

Disregard that three-dollar saving, if you like, and judge Listerine Tooth Paste on results alone. We know what your decision will be! LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Missouri.

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TRAVELING BAG
OR A BOOK

with that \$3
you save

NORMA SHEARER *talks* *back* to Dame Rumor

By GLADYS HALL

DAME RUMOR is having a perfectly swell time of it these blustery days. She is licking her rapacious lips over two mighty morsels never served up to her before—i.e.—Norma Shearer and her husband-producer, Irving Thalberg.

Dame R. has been gossiping about an eight-point plan of her own, namely, that (1) Norma and Irving are planning to retire after their trip abroad—to renounce the studio world and live on some pastoral farm where they will raise chickens, children and cauliflowers; (2) that Louis B. Mayer, the boss, is easing his son-in-law, David Selznick, onto the Thalberg throne and, by the same motion, easing Thalberg out; (3) that such is not the case at all—that Selznick is only “taking over” while Thalberg is away, a sort of personal *entente cordiale*, as ’twere; (4) that Thalberg is dangerously ill; (5) that Thalberg is not dangerously ill at all; (6) that Thalberg will start producing on his own when he returns, with wife Norma as the star-to-begin-with; (7) that Norma, Irving and William Randolph Hearst are planning some sort of a unit combination to go over to United Artists; (8) that all of these other rumors are apple-butter and that all is as Norma and Irving say it is—to wit, that they are going to take a much-needed vacation, while Irving



Gossip has left Norma and her producer-husband, Irving Thalberg, pretty much alone. But their trip abroad has brought on all kinds of rumors. Not about divorce—but about their futures. “They may be quitting Hollywood.” That’s just a sample of the gossip. Norma answers it all!

recuperates from his recent serious illness, and that they will return to the Metro embrace upon their return, where everything will be as it has been. You can take your choice or make up your own rumor.

Norma Answers the Rumors

NORMA, at home in her lovely beach house at Santa Monica, agrees positively—and with no reservations—to Rumor (8).

Said Norma, always frank and as open as any producer’s wife dare be, “We have contracts to fulfill at Metro, Irving and I. We plan to return there after we get back from Europe. Of course, there *would* be these rumors—this is Hollywood, you know.

“There have been so many rumors started that we should have worked up an immunity to them, all of us. There have been rumors, stated as facts, about my position in the studio, due to being Irving’s wife. I am supposed to have the choice of all the best stories, all the best parts, merely by raising my wifely little finger. I am said to snatch the best plums right out of the Crawford and Garbo pies. I am papa’s little pet and what is done at home in the breakfast room cannot be undone in the studio. This is not so. Quite the contrary.

“If I were in any other studio I would frequently, no doubt, demand stories I thought were good for me,

(Continued on page 56)

Will It Be Trousers for Women?

By DOROTHY CALHOUN



Barbara Weeks and Diane Sinclair like 'em

Acme

IF this controversy over trousers for ladies doesn't subside, President Roosevelt may have to declare another holiday — a tailoring holiday! It already has reached Congress, and that august body has had to pass on whether or not the new styles violate the law forbidding a woman to "masquerade as a man." The recent "lame-duck" Congress, faced with the dismaying spectacle of trousered women on the streets of the national capital, decided weakly that since they were not trying to deceive anybody as to their sex, and certainly *didn't* deceive anybody, they were within the law. But what does Hollywood say about trousers for women? Plenty!—both pro and con.

Jesse K. Lasky, who did much to make movies what they are to-day, has sent out a passionate letter to all his



Lilyan Tashman, who has started a few unusual fashions, herself, says, "Anything beautiful is excusable, but there is nothing beautiful in the feminine figure in male clothes"

fellow-producers, asking them to have their feminine players stop wearing trousers because, he says, the fans don't like it. Mr. Lasky is an influential man, but his position is somewhat like that of the legendary Norse gentleman who stood on the seashore and bade the tides turn back. For Marlene Dietrich certainly



Mozelle Brittone "suits" herself!

Acme

started something when she appeared at the opening of "The Sign of the Cross," wearing a masculine tuxedo, wing-collar, soft felt hat, mannish topcoat, and a pair of mannish patent-leather shoes!

Marlene Dietrich started it all—and plenty of the girls are following suit. Others say, "Trousers? Never!" Constance Bennett calls them "atrocities"; her sister Joan wears them. Lilyan Tashman says most men despise women in trousers; June Clyde's husband ordered a suit for her to match one of his. Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women are all in on the feud!



Adrienne Ames says, "I am not ashamed of being a woman. I intend to keep on looking like one. Trousers on women are hideous. You will never see a woman wearing a man's clothes on Park Avenue!"



Fay Wray finds trousers "chic"

Marlene had been wearing trousers for some time previous, but they had been pooh-poohed and soft-pedalled by her studio and friends. Marlene, herself, refused to pose for photographs in her male togs. But on the evening of January twelfth, a new era in feminine fashions was officially inaugurated when, accompanied by

Marlene Dietrich claims she took to trousers to be comfortable, not sensational. She has ten trouser suits. This is one she wears to work

a blushing and slightly embarrassed Chevalier, La Dietrich wore her tuxedo to that première. Before radio announcers and goggle-eyed spectators stuttering with amazement, Marlene coolly and challengingly wore the tux, which may yet become as much a symbol of liberty as Betsy Ross' flag—and posed obligingly for the newspaper photographers.

News and Views Circled Globe

EVERY newspaper in America carried a picture of Marlene in trousers. Telegraph wires clicked, cables carried the news to far countries, and dress-designers cursed and tore their hair. Paramount, making the most of what first looked like "a bad break," seized advantage of the occasion to push the greatest publicity campaign ever given a star. Word was given out that Marlene had ten trouser suits; she was photographed in several of them. Department stores blossomed out in pantaloons for every size, from junior miss to stylish stout. Advertisements blared the new "Marlene Mannish Styles." Editorials discussed the Dietrich vogue, pulpits denounced it, Broadway caught up the new fad and put it behind footlights.

(Continued on page 62)

JOAN CRAWFORD

Explains Why She and Doug, Jr., *Are Parting*

With deep regret, and with not even a hint of bitterness, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have decided on separation. Neither wants divorce. And what led to their decision? Which one of them changed? Did gossip have anything to do with it? Did jealousy enter in? Joan answers all these questions frankly, completely. Read what she says—and understand these two youngsters, who will always be friends!

BY FRANK CATES



In an interview in the April MOVIE CLASSIC, entitled, "Joan Crawford Answers Twenty Pointed Questions," James Fidler asked her: "Are you and Doug contemplating a divorce?" Her answer was: "Gossip, gossip, gossip—all untrue. Please believe me, the answer is: No!" The answer is still "No." Joan and Doug may be separating, but neither is ready for divorce, as Joan explains in this frank, confiding interview. She explains everything—and in doing so helps you to understand both Doug, Jr., and herself completely—Editor.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford return from Europe—where they went in search of "lost happiness" (and didn't find it)

"YES, Douglas and I are going to separate," says Joan Crawford. "We decided on separation, rather than divorce, to prove to the world that there is no outside reason for our act. This talk about other men or other women coming between us is as absurd as most of the things they have said about us for three and a half years. There is no one I want to marry, and Douglas will tell you the same thing—even more violently!"

Joan has been accused of dramatizing herself. Introspective, intensely sensitized, with an actress' love for expressing emotion, she has sometimes seemed (to cynical interviewers) to be enjoying her own woes. I have known Joan for a long time, and I remember vividly once when, with a tragic hand on breast, she confided to me that her little feet were dancing, but her little heart was breaking.

Now, Joan Crawford is not acting. She speaks short, curt sentences, as women speak of a dead child, too far beyond tragedy for easy tears. "Over the air, Walter Winchell said that, if and when



Those were the happy days—when Joan and Doug first found each other and romance, and talked a love language all their own!

Lippman

we did part, it would be the chatter-writers and gossip columnists who would be responsible," she went on. "I can't truthfully say that Hollywood is to be blamed. The same thing that has happened to us is going on every day, all over the world. Only people are more interested in hearing what movie couples do.

Jealousy Didn't Enter In

"WHEN we fell in love—they talked. When we were happily married—they talked. I can't send Douglas a cake on his birthday, and he can't bring me a present from New York without causing comment. Neither one of us can be seen any place with any third person without reading about it in the papers the next day. If I had half the love affairs I'm supposed to have, I wouldn't have had time to make any pictures.

"But such gossip has not really hurt our marriage. I know Douglas' girl acquaintances; I have had them here to dinner. He knows the men who occasionally take me out. Ricardo Cortez is one of my latest alleged loves. A Chicago newspaper even went so far as to publish the rumor that he and I were to marry, following my divorce from Douglas. This was last February, long before any announcement of a separation was made.

"Douglas and Ricardo both thought it a great joke. They had been teasing each other for a long time about the linking of Ric's name and mine. We've often lunched together, the three of us. Ric always called himself 'The

Menace' when he telephoned the house. 'Tell Mr. Fairbanks the Menace is calling.' Fortunately, the servants weren't in on the joke.

"The main reason we have taken this step is because we have grown apart. We haven't rushed into it without long thought. Actually, we separated eight months ago, though we have shared the same address and have lived under the same roof ever since. But I think we both hated to admit that such wonderful happiness as we have had together could come to an end. I don't really remember which one of us first broached the subject of separation. Both of us knew—long before a word was said—that it was over."

Over. The days when Joan would spring up from her luncheon to rush to the telephone to remind Douglas to eat spinach for *his* lunch . . . the times when they kissed and held hands radiantly and unashamedly in public places—the more public, the better . . . the Christmases when Joan hid Douglas' presents and he hid hers and they both scampered in pajamas over the house, trying to find them . . . the times they thought up jokes to play on each other . . . the evenings when Joan hooked rugs in an ecstasy of housewifeliness . . . the dinner hours when they stole kisses while the servant was out of the room. Over.

"I have no reason to blame Douglas because we have grown apart," Joan says, slowly. "He is no different from what he was on the day we were married. I am the one

(Continued on page 60)

GEORGE RAFT

Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

George Raft is the fourth star to cooperate with **MOVIE CLASSIC** to give you a "cross-examination" interview—something new and newsy in interviews. You form your own impressions of a star, without any help from the interviewer. The questions ask things that everybody wants to know about the mysterious George—but they are worded frankly to encourage frank, revealing answers. And no star to date has been franker than George!—*Editor.*

GEORGE RAFT, who is one of the most mysterious stars in Hollywood, has just faced a cross-examination intended to reveal some of his hidden life and plans—and liked it.

Usually, when George is interviewed, he manages to give such evasive statements that even the keenest writers leave him with confused notions about the man. But **MOVIE CLASSIC** forestalled such a happening.

James Fidler asked George twenty "impertinent" questions and warned him that his "pertinent" answers would be "used against him." Despite this warning, George responded whole-heartedly to every question, with the result that he tells more about himself than he ever has before. And after you read them, you will know him better than you ever have before.

Read Jimmie's questions (in light italics) and George's answers (in heavy Roman type), and see how many of the Raft "rumors" they end:

1. *Are you in love? Will you marry?*

I am not in love. I will not marry until I can give a woman everything she desires without sacrificing my own wants. I would be unhappy if I had to "do without" in order to be married.

2. *What will you seek in a wife?*

Attractiveness—of dress, appearance, mannerisms. A woman attractive in every way.

3. *Have you ever been married?*

Not yet. I have been accused of having a wife, but, I assure you, there has never been a Mrs. George Raft.

4. *Were you questioned by the police soon after your arrival in Hollywood? If so, why?*

Yes. The police heard rumors that I was connected with





MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, asks The Mystery Man twenty "impertinent" questions—about everything from blondes and bodyguards to his dislike of being alone—and George comes back with twenty "pertinent" answers. In fact, some of his answers may surprise you!

By JAMES FIDLER
AND GEORGE RAFT

many fights between men, ours cemented a friendship that endured.

6. *Have you objected to starring in former Valentino stories? If so, why?*

Yes. I do not think I am capable of playing the same parts as well as Valentino played them. Therefore, I would suffer by comparison.

7. *Did you win your salary fight with Paramount?*

Yes. I was being paid a very small salary under the terms of a contract signed before I won a fan following. I felt that I had made myself more valuable to my organization, and therefore should be paid more money.

Paramount was not at first inclined to agree, but when my employers learned that I seriously intended to quit motion pictures, rather than work for an inadequate salary, they agreed to my demands.

8. *Is it true you cannot drive an automobile?*

No; I drive well. However, I dislike to, and seldom do. Because I am always chauffeured, people conceived the notion that I know nothing about automobiles. I can take motors apart and, more important, put them together again.

9. *Do you have a bodyguard?*

Yes—and no. A man accompanies me wherever I go. Primarily, he is for company. But he is an expert pistol shot and has a permit to carry firearms.

I, like many other stars, have been the victim of kidnap and extortion threats.

10. *Did you order a dozen suits at one time, and do you purchase at least one new suit every week?*

Yes—to both parts of the question. Clothes are my weakness, and now that I can afford to, I indulge freely. After I leave you, I have a date with my tailor. He is fitting me with four new suits.

When I went to Europe for a few weeks, I brought back twenty new suits. I have reached the point where I order seasonal clothes far in advance; for example, I was fitted for white summer suits in December. Who knows?—I may be dead before I have a chance to wear them.

11. *Is it true you date only with blondes? Why?*

Yes, with a few rare exceptions. Brunettes do not interest me. Perhaps I am an example of the old law of opposites.

(Continued on page 71)

New York gangsters. I was thoroughly investigated, and given a clean record.

The fact that I was permitted to remain proves that I was found to be a desirable citizen. Police officials later apologized for their action.

5. *Did you once have an argument with Rudolph Valentino that ended in a fight?*

Yes. When Latin men are thrown together, they often quarrel. Valentino and I were no exceptions—but like

Who's Who on Hollywood's HONOR LIST

Do you know what feminine stars you should salute as Colonels? The town's full of them. But some of the other honors Hollywood can claim are rare! Do you know, for instance, what star can call himself "The Sweetheart of the World"? Guess three times—and then start reading. For here's the story about the stars who **MUST** be famous!



Left to right, George Arliss, who is an honorary Doctor of

Philosophy; Constance Bennett, who can wear the Distinguished Service Medal; Buster Keaton, who was created an Admiral by the State of Nebraska; and Polly Moran, who calls herself, "Miss America of 1880"



C. S. Bull

square has been named for him down in Mexico, but before he has a chance to boast about it, another has received word that a whole town right here in the United States has changed its name to his own. A small town, maybe, but the feeling is there! And while on the subject of christenings, a tactful fan did Mary Pickford the high honor of naming her small daughter after the pioneer star, and then, to avoid causing jealousy within Pickfair's gates, called her second child, a son, after Douglas Fairbanks!

Mary leads the honors list of Hollywood. Just last New Year's, she was made *grand marshal* of the Tournament of Roses Parade in Pasadena—one of the biggest annual pageants in the world. *That* was an honor every star in Hollywood found cause to envy! Riding in a coach covered with white roses, drawn by four white horses in pink satin harness, Mary led the parade and looked ravishing, sophisticated, and a year or two under twenty. Per-

haps no other actress of the screen could have carried it off so well. (No other has ever had the chance!) Parade officials estimated that the magic of the Pickford name brought a million more spectators than usual.

Mary's Government Honors

Other important honors Mary has received include her commission by the Treasury Department, during the War, to *tour the country on behalf of the Liberty Loan*. Only two other stars were similarly honored—Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

Mary was the first star to be made an *Honorary Colonel*,

TO those with honor, more honor comes (to play about with an old saying), and the stars of Hollywood have received almost every decoration, degree, and gift in the power of an adoring world to bestow. There's plenty of rivalry about it, too! No sooner does a star hang a large silver medal on the boudoir wall than she finds a gold statuette on the mantelpiece at her rival's Beverly Hills mansion—and for every cinema celebrity who has been presented at the Court of St. James's, there is another who has chatted over a dish of tea with the President.

One star learns with gratification that a handsome

By MARK DOWLING

though now there are so many that if you entered a studio restaurant and shouted, "Hey, Colonel!" half the actresses in the room would spring to attention and salute. Her regiment was the 143rd Field Artillery, just going into the line of fire when the Armistice was signed.

She was christened *Little Sister of the Navy* by Secretary Daniels, before the entire Pacific Fleet at San Pedro, and she has been presented to royalty all over the world, the Spanish and English Courts



Acme

Above, a close-up of Mary Pickford as the first woman grand marshal of the tournament of Roses Parade. Left, in her coach-and-four



Acme

among them. It's a considerable honor, too, that the nickname given her by Sid Grauman's father, *America's Sweetheart*, was adopted all over the world.

The lad with the town named for him is Gary Cooper. It is Gary, Montana, and used to be Greenesville. Gary was also made a member of the *Western Ambulanciers*, for his portrayal of the ambulance driver in "A Farewell to Arms," and he was nominated the most thoroughly American young man on the screen by Faith Baldwin, the novelist. She explained, "He makes you think of mountains and plains, of pioneers and the days of Daniel Boone!"

The Title That Polly Claims

THESE honors, you see, are both serious and—ah—silly. Polly Moran clings to the title of *Miss America for 1880*—at least, that's the way she autographed a picture for Jimmy Walker, ex-mayor of New York City. George M. Cohan was elected *Good Will President of the United States* by the Breakfast Club, a local organization. (That was before he left us and said those horrid things about Hollywood!) Mae West was honored by Billy Sunday when he urged her to quit acting. "She'd be a sensation in any pulpit," he declared. You don't appreciate that one till you've heard Mae sing some of the old Bowery songs!

Bebe Daniels (who knows

Patrol—honors that have come to the Western star partly through his screen rôles and also because he turns over




Cecil De Mille (left) has won the Order of the Holy Sepulchre. Joan Blondell (above) has an honorary "passport" from California. Bebe Daniels and Marion Davies (right) are honorary U. S. Colonels



his house and grounds to these organizations for week-ends. A form of charity, by the way, that Tom hasn't allowed much publicity.

(Continued on page 74)



 Willy Fritsch—wed to Lilian?

Is LILIAN HARVEY *Married?*

German fans says she is—Lilian says she isn't—and Hollywood is wondering. But married or not, the little German-English star is creating a stir in the movie colony—chumming with Chevalier, racing around in a big white foreign car, and saying the camera is like a lover who must be wooed!

By LEONARD O. MOSLEY

THE Pickford-Fairbanks combination of Europe—so UFA called Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch, when these two popular players were both making pictures for the German studio. *"Willy Fritsch is happily married to the diminutive Lilian Harvey,"* the press sheet stated, *"and they are known as the Fairbanks-Pickford combination of Europe."* Certainly, it would seem that UFA would have the true story—a story seemingly upheld by reproductions of photostatic "copies" of marriage papers in the German newspapers, as well as by a most amusing sequel, which also appeared in the Berlin newspapers a few months ago.

According to this story, two burglars, having heard of Lilian Harvey's celebrated jewels (with which she later dazzled Hollywood on her arrival), climbed up a drainpipe to her bedroom one night, and slipped into the room, only to stop short when the lights were suddenly snapped on, revealing the lovely blonde film star asleep while a personable young man sat on the edge of the bed, revolver in hand.

Being good film fans, the burglars had read the movie magazines and had seen stories that Lilian Harvey was unmarried. So, the story goes, they cleverly threatened the young man with a newspaper scandal unless he let them get away.

"Well, go ahead," the young man was quoted as saying, with a smile. "I don't mind the newspapers knowing that I am Willy Fritsch and that Miss Harvey and I have been married secretly for three months."

Shrugs Away the Rumors

NATURALLY, then, the first question that reporters asked Lilian Harvey on her arrival in Hollywood was, "When do you expect your husband to join you?"



Lilian Harvey danced her way into Europe's heart—and Willy Fritsch was often her co-star. And she does admit that she is lonesome for him



Smiling blandly, while a twenty-five-carat diamond solitaire on her engagement finger caught the rays of the California sun and almost blinded the spectators, Miss Harvey replied, astonishingly, "I have no husband."

Confronted with reports from abroad, she smiled gently, "Oh the studio gave that out just for a good publicity story," she explained.

But the burglars? The "confession" of the secret marriage?

"I've worked with Willy in countless pictures," shrugged Lilian. "We've been together on the set for days on end, making love to each other for our audiences. But that's as near man and wife as we've ever been. The papers print such dangerous stories. The one about the burglars is only one of them."

"Of course, I like Willy. I might even have been in love with him once. But I can fall out of love, even as he can. He was once very much infatuated with Marlene Dietrich, you know. When I was a little girl I was in love with the postman!"

"I've been reported married and engaged so many times I've lost count. There was an Archduke, a Baron—a wealthy American and a dozen more. Perhaps I might have been interested in some of them, but I've been too busy to settle down. I'm as free as a bird. (Continued on page 76)

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆



Wide World

Producers predicted a bright future in films for Gretchen Wilson, from down Louisiana way—but little she cares now! She has married John Randolph Hearst (with her, above), son of the publisher!



Acme

When Kathleen Burke won her screen chance as "The Panther Woman," Glen Rardin, Chicago photographer, followed her to Hollywood—just to make sure she wouldn't forget him, with all the movie sheiks around. And now his worries are over—for she's Mrs. Rardin!



When Gary Cooper (in rear, above) gave a party for Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, of New York's 400, he invited these stars (left to right): Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Richard Arlen and Marion Davies. Below, Carole Lombard buys lunch during bank holiday with her own scrip—"stage" money with her picture pasted on it



Acme

Buddy Rogers, newly signed by Fox, returns to town—and Mary Brian is waiting for him with a great big hug. Romantic again?



◆ THE LATEST HOLLYWOOD NEWS PICTURES ◆



Off to the Sumatra jungle to film "Wild Cargo"—that's where Frank ("Bring 'Em Back Alive") Buck is going now. And Mrs. Buck intends to be in on the fun



International

When Jack Dempsey took both Gail Sisters to a party, Hollywood thought he couldn't choose between them. But Jane (left) seems to be acting as June's chaperon



International

One of Hollywood's new indoor sports is teasing Lilian Harvey about being so athletic. Harry Lachman and Spencer Tracy (at her feet, below) are persuading her she ought to take up rowing

Not a bit camera-conscious—that's the kind of son that Arline Judge (right) and director Wesley Ruggles have! He's named after his Dad



Acme



Hollywood thought that maybe Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck would hold hands again. But Janet has gone through with the divorce, charging "extreme jealousy"

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆



Acme

And Estelle Taylor—the former Mrs. Dempsey—isn't pinning away from loneliness, either. Her favorite escort seems to be John Warburton (with her, above)



International



Wide World

Ready to quarrel at the drop of a hat? Don't you believe it! James Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan use the hat for a game of "pick up"



Trousers for women? Then why not skirts for men? "What was good enough for our grandmothers is good enough for us!" say Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey

In the U. S., Buster Keaton isn't yet divorced from Natalie Talmadge, but in Mexico he's married to May Scribbens, a nurse (left)!

It took the "42nd Street Special" to get all these stars to New York at once (below, left to right): Eleanor Holm, Joe E. Brown, Leo Carrillo, Bette Davis, Tom Mix and Laura La Plante



International

WALTER HUSTON Says, *"If I Were Roosevelt—"*

IF I were Roosevelt," said Walter Huston, "I would probably do exactly what he is doing—that is, of course, providing that I had the ability, the courage and the foresight our new President has already shown he possesses. He stepped into office to face a crisis in our national affairs as great as has confronted any Chief Executive in history. And he has lost no time in setting into motion the machinery that will bring order from threatening chaos.

"It is, nevertheless, an interesting question you ask—'What would I do if I were Roosevelt?' I doubt if I would have the temerity to attempt an answer, were it not that I am so impressed by this rôle I am playing in 'Gabriel Over the White House.'"

Huston, as he spoke, was in make-up for the picture. He plays *Jud Hammond*, *President of the United States*. It marks his third term as President, as he has previously given us *Lincoln* and *Grant* on the screen.

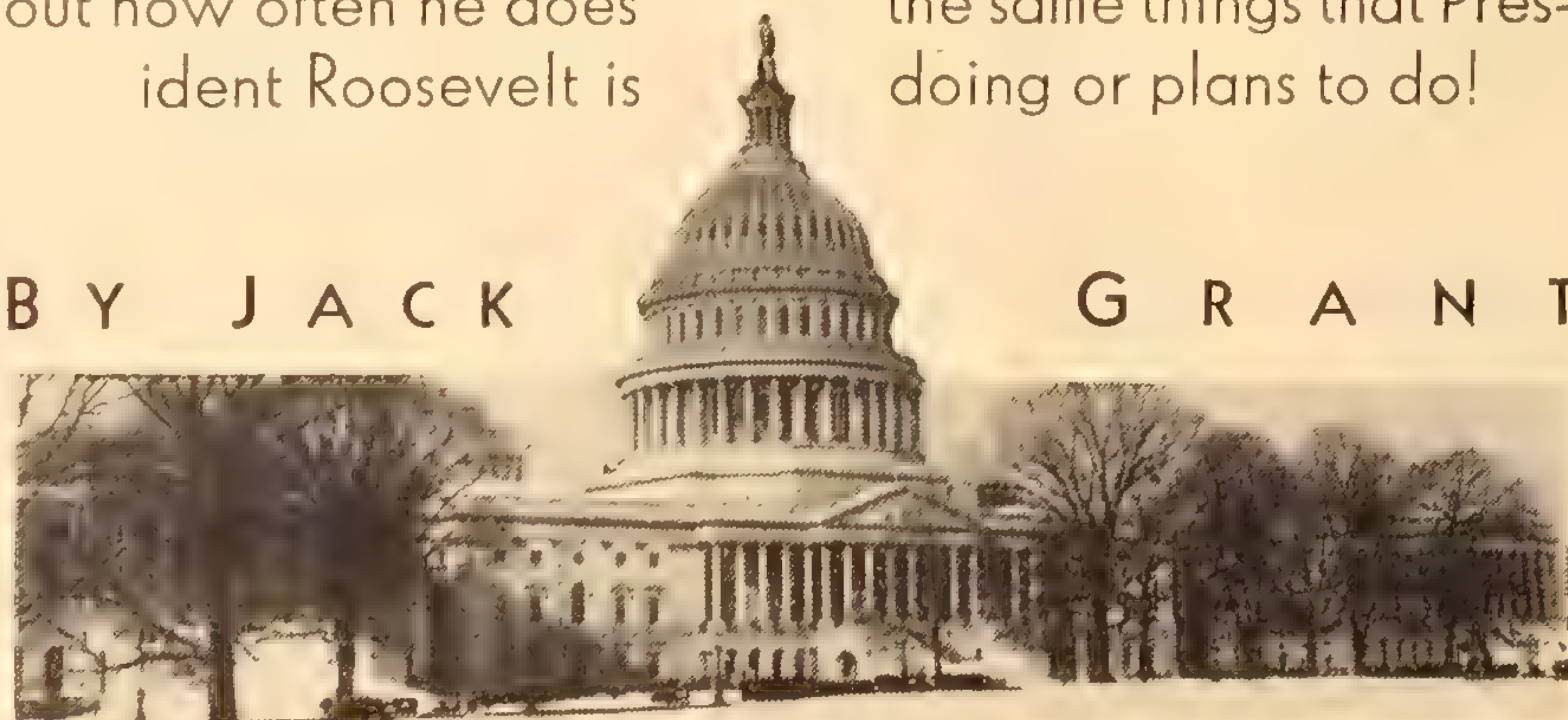
Jud Hammond is, however, an entirely fictitious character. An anonymous author created him



In "Gabriel Over the White House," Walter Huston plays a President of the United States. Moreover, he encounters many of the same problems that now face President Roosevelt. How does he solve them? How does he lead America out of the depression—and cope with unemployment, balance the budget, settle the foreign debts, wipe out the gangsters? He tells you in this interview—and you may be amazed to find out how often he does the same things that President Roosevelt is doing or plans to do!

BY JACK

GRANT



Acme

and imagined what he might do in solving the riddle of present conditions. At first, *President Hammond* is a party man, a politician loyal to the powers that brought about his election, a hail-fellow-well-met type, mouthing empty promises, possessing no convictions that have not been dictated for him by party bosses.

Then the *President* is hurt in an automobile accident, receiving head injuries that utterly change his personality. A divine madness leads him to act without fear or favoritism. Instead of submitting himself to dictation, he becomes a dictator, forcing his hopelessly incompetent Cabinet to resign and Congress to adjourn *sine die*. He deals summarily with the problems of unemployment, lawlessness, foreign debt collection, disarmament, farm and industrial relief, and the various items of taxes, tariffs and the unbalanced budget. All of this is accomplished in a year, before the *President* recovers from what is ironically called "insanity." He is, in short, a bit of a "miracle man."

(Continued on
 page 68)

Will His First Big Rôle Make Or Break JACK LA RUE?



George Raft (above) wouldn't play *Trigger*—and risk his popularity. Jack La Rue (left) says, "I'm not soft-peddling *Trigger* one bit, and I don't think the public will hate me for it"

An unknown, he is gambling his whole life that George Raft refused to play—a rôle of the town. George tells you why he asked to play it—and La Rue tells "big chance"

By

ROTHY
ONNELL

SOME stars have been refusing to accept fifty per cent pay cuts—which hit Hollywood at the same time as the bank holiday. But that wasn't why George Raft walked out of his studio and became a rebel; his walkout came just before the bank holiday. What George was refusing to do was to play a character called *Trigger* in a picture called "The Story of Temple Drake." His place was immediately taken by Jack La Rue, who played the priest in "A Farewell to Arms" and was the victim of the horsewhipping in "The Woman Accused." And the rôle to which George Raft objected so violently is looked upon as a great opportunity by Jack La Rue.

"The Story of Temple Drake" is based on the novel, "Sanctuary," by William Faulkner, in which the character Raft was to play was called *Popeye*. In the book, this character is partially described in the following sentences—found in several scattered passages:



In a corn-crib, *Trigger* (Jack La Rue) kills a half-wit and attacks *Temple Drake* (Miriam Hopkins). This may be the most sensational movie scene of the year. George Raft refused to make it

movie purposes, is the character that George Raft was asked to play, and refused to play. This is the character that Jack La Rue believes will make him famous.

(Continued on page 58)

man of under size, a cigarette from his chin. His face had a bloodless color as though lit by electric light; in his slanted hat and slightly akimbo legs he had the vicious depthless look of stamped tin . . .

twisted and pinched cigarettes in his little doll-like hands. His skin had a dead dark pallor. He had no chin at all. His face just went away like the face of a wax doll set too near a hot fire . . .

"*Popeye's* eyes looked like rubber knobs . . . *Popeye* looked about with a sort of vicious cringing . . . 'He smells black,' *Benbow* thought. . . .

"'I be dog if he ain't skeered of his own shadow,' *Tommy* said . . .

"*Popeye* waggled the pistol slightly and put it back in his coat, then he walked toward her. 'Something is going to happen to me,' she screamed . . .

"'He will never be a man, properly speaking,' the doctor said . . .

"When he was on his way home that summer, they arrested him for killing a man in one town at an hour when he was in another town killing somebody else."

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST By DOROTHY MANNERS

SOMETIME before Lydell Peck met, and married Janet Gaynor, he had been romantically interested in Catherine Dale Owen, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to beauty. And now that Janet and Lydell are definitely parted (Janet is insistent that there will be no reconciliation), Lydell is once more squiring Catherine to the Sunday evening parties and the new movie premières.

It looks like



Maureen O'Sullivan (above) meets a \$5,000 dog—a Siberian Samoyede. No, she isn't buying it!

crack to the effect that no one in Hollywood really played Bridge well. The Marx Brothers, who are plenty sold on their own game, challenged him to "eat those words" by meeting them in tournament. Culbertson accepted. Invitations went out to the press and to the Bridge bugs of the town to attend the first night's session at the Paramount Studio, and the second night at RKO.

At the last minute Ely backed out! Rumor has it that he did not like all the publicity the game was attracting. As the leading disciple of Contract, it would do him no good to lose to the merry, mad Marx clan at his own game! At least that is one story.

The Marxes, however, prefer

Mae Clarke gets John Gilbert's "farewell" movie kiss—in "Fast Workers" (circle). For John has plans to become a director! He'll love only his work from now on!

a really serious romance this time. No one would be at all surprised if Catherine became Mrs. Lydell Peck II as soon as the law allows!

MERVYN LEROY (baby-faced director) is this-way-and-just-like-that about Doris Warner, of the Warners, and he doesn't care who knows it. When Doris returned to her home in New York, Mervyn was as lost as a five-dollar bill on a street corner.

Ginger Rogers, Mervyn's former flame, is now stepping out on the arm of Howard Hughes. But who isn't?

THE newest Hollywood feud is The Marx Brothers (in toto) vs Ely Culbertson, Bridge Expert! It seems that Culbertson made some sort of



Fryer

Ruby Keeler (above), who gave a bang-up performance in "42nd Street," is now planning to give a "bang-down" one in "Gold-Diggers of 1933." And another newcomer who will bear watching is Jean Carmen (right), of RKO comedies



If you don't think Jean Harlow knows her golf—look at who her instructor is! Leo Diegel, the famous pro!



to believe that Ely is "scairt" of them and their Bridge expertness. Now, to tempt Culbertson into a match, they have offered to play for a prize of \$5,000. At the present writing Culbertson hasn't accepted.

FREDRIC MARCH is taking "airplane lessons." At least, that's what he calls them. In other words, Freddy is

learning to fly, because he will have to do plenty of it in "The Eagle and the Hawk."

HELLEN TWELVE-TREES has a brand-new idea for buffet suppers. Helen serves four different kinds of soup! Sounds terrible . . . but tastes grand.

THEY say that Marlene Dietrich's "trouser" gag has stirred up more national publicity than Garbo's famous "mystery" pose. Certainly, it has stirred up old Hollywood, whose reactions are both combusive and humorous!

M-G-M has issued orders that none of its stars shall talk to reporters on what they think about wearing trousers! Evidently, M-G-M doesn't want to be pulled in on Paramount's prize line of publicity.

Even Jesse Lasky of Fox has issued a round-robin letter to his fellow-producers, begging them to "urge feminine stars on their respective lots,

Gloria Stuart (above) has a habit of going asleep at Hollywood parties. But she won't be caught napping in "Sweepings"—as Lionel Barrymore's daughter!



Bachrach

Which is harder-boiled—Edward G. Robinson in "Little Giant," or James Cagney in "Mayor of Hell"? They're arguing about it, as you will!

Bert Wheeler's line, "What was good enough for my grandmother is good enough for me," has been quoted all over town. But the prize gag of all was pulled by Wallace Beery. Wally escorted his small adopted daughter, Carol Ann, to a Hollywood café for luncheon . . . and Carol Ann was Dietrich-arranged in trousers and a tailored coat!

Talk about women wearing men's clothes, and vice versa—that's just what Elissa Landi and Ernest Truex are doing (in oval) in "The Warrior's Husband"! And keep your eyes open for Brian Aherne (far left). He's Marlene Dietrich's new hero in "Song of Songs." Left, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels hop off in their own 'plane for Palm Springs. Wonder if it has dual controls, to keep peace in the family?

MAE WEST is certainly making herself popular on the Paramount lot. All the little secretaries are crazy about her. One girl happened to admire a certain perfume Mae was wearing and the next day she received an enormous bottle of it. Mae had sent it from

a drugstore and the clerk had forgotten to remove the price. The little gift cost \$45 worth of Mae's well-earned cash.

(Continued on page 80)



to refrain from appearing on the streets in men's clothes!"

The humorous side of the tempest-in-the-tea-pot was furnished by Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey when they showed up at the Brown Derby for lunch wearing skirts.



CLARK GABLE

Sizes Up

CLARK GABLE

IT isn't every day that you will meet a Hollywood sensation who will say: "I can now appear in crowds without the embarrassing danger of having my clothes partly torn off. Six months ago I couldn't. Just what the change might be, I don't know. But then I didn't know why they were tearing them off in the first place!"

Clark Gable said that to me. Moreover, with all the statistical frankness of a Technocrat, he went on to chart the high and low points of his career—from his first great success in "Dance, Fools, Dance" right down to "The White Sister." He turned critic on himself. He looked into the claims that he "skyrocketed" to fame, and that he has suffered a "lull" in his career—claims that usually make an actor see red. But not Clark.

A curiously critical detachment about Clark Gable, the actor, is one of the most unusual characteristics about Clark Gable, the person. John Gilbert, in his heyday, was so sympathetic with his own shadow that he practically became, in real life, the man he was pictured to be. Valentino, too, was strongly influenced by the Valentino the public had created. On the other hand, Clark can regard a screen performance of Clark Gable's as dispassionately as he would see a portrayal by a Fredric March or a James Cagney or any other actor.

He did not approve of the casting of Clark Gable in "The White Sister." He feels that Gable is not a Ronald Colman and, like everyone else who ever saw the original silent version with Colman and Lillian Gish, he feels that Ronnie made that part his particular own. In spite of this belief, he has never worked harder on any rôle or tried to give it more. At the present moment he would advise any



It's a rare actor who can see himself as others see him—but Clark Gable is willing to try. And when he looks at C. Gable, the movie star, he has a pair of critical eyes. He can tell you the high point of his career, and the low point—and he has a pretty good idea of what he wants from the future!

By NANCY PRYOR

actor that it doesn't pay to squabble with the Front Office over the way they cast pictures. And he takes his own advice.

What Sudden Fame Feels Like

"THE entire business of my career has been so puzzling to me that I have long since given up the *whys* and *wherefores* of it. I don't ask questions any more. But I have made a few pertinent deductions by merely standing on the sidelines and noting what is happening to this fellow, Gable!"

He was wearing an aviator's uniform and his face was smudged with dirt for several re-take scenes on "The White Sister." He said he felt like a minstrel doing a blackface act. He didn't look it. You'll just have to take my word for it that even a "smudged up" Clark Gable still registers plenty of Gable-appeal.

"I sometimes feel like a stock that is being manipulated on the Big Board," he continued. "Clark Gable, Limited—or something like that. It rises . . . it drops a little . . . it climbs back slowly in a zig-zag fashion. It must maintain a certain level to pay dividends—to the public, to the company that has so much money invested in it.

"Well, in the beginning, it seems that this Gable stock had been going along

for years in Hollywood, not doing much, when along came a manipulation called 'Dance, Fools, Dance.' Up went the stock!" said Clark, as he might have said, "Up went Lee Tracy after 'Blessed Event.'"

"I've been trying to figure out ever since just what did happen. The newspaper writers called it 'humanizing the heavy.' For no reason at all that I have ever been able

(Continued on page 75)



GLEND A FARRELL—

JUST BIDDING HER TIME

There aren't any wrinkles in Glenda's brow. She isn't worrying about what rôles they'll give her. She can play any of them. But she's on the alert for the character parts with the flashes of humor. For Glenda's smart. She knows that those are the picture-stealing, star-making rôles. Take a peek at her in "The Key-hole"—and see a future star at work, becoming one!



JANET GAYNOR AND HENRY GARAT

Janet found the going a bit rough on the sea of matrimony, but the Pacific Ocean off Los Angeles (where she goes yachting on week-ends) is as smooth as her new leading man. He's direct from Paris, where he rivals Chevalier in popularity. And he didn't come over to take Charles Farrell's place opposite Janet, but to make a place for himself. You'll see them together in "Adorable" — with Janet a princess



Lippman

**RICARDO CORTEZ
AND
CAROLE LOMBARD**

The prodigal has come home. After all these years away at other studios, Ricardo has returned to Paramount, where he got his film start. And Carole is showing him around. What they were looking over here was the set of a new thriller. And we leave it to you to guess which set it was—the one for Ricardo's next picture, "Dead on Arrival," or for Carole's, "Supernatural"

OFF THE COLD STANDARD



A girl can't go swimming yet, but she CAN go sunbathing. And doesn't Muriel Evans (left) look warm in her solid-color suit—even if it does have a wide-open back(above)?



Spring fever? Madge Evans has it bad! She can hardly wait to kick off her toeless sandals and dive into the blue Pacific—which won't be so blue, after it meets Madge in her one-piece, stream-lined outfit (right)



BATHING
SUITS
By BVD

And while one suit is drying, Muriel Evans (no relation to Madge) has another she can put on—a ribbed one, with bows about her shoulders, and a back that makes a U-turn at the waistline





Homesick? Not any longer! Maureen O'Sullivan intends to be in California and a swim suit when summer rolls around



Mary Carlisle (above), who's about as little as a Brownie, is taking on the hue of one in her trim little sun-bathing suit. X marks the spot (left) where she intends to tan most



When Anita Page hangs a bath-house tag around her neck, she'll step out on the beach in a one-piece suit. Sometimes, a dark one (left); other times, a light one. The "H" in the back stands for "hot-cha"





PHYLLIS BARRY

Phyllis was the tragic shopgirl in "Cynara," then Buster Keaton's dream-damsel in "What! No Beer?" And now she goes seductive as the French girl who puts Wheeler and Woolsey "In the Red." (Here you have a couple of hints as to how she does it!) She's from England—like many another of the new film "finds"





C. S. Bull

MAE CLARKE

Mae has started something—in fact, a couple of things. One is an exotic new kind of boyish bob. And the other is a topless turban (which is exotic, too)—designed for wear in a sunny climate. And she has completed a couple of other things—namely, her recovery from the serious illness that took her off the screen a year ago, and the lead opposite John Gilbert in "Fast Workers"

"KING KONG"

—How Did They Make It?

A prehistoric monster on the loose in our modern world—nothing like this has ever been seen before in the talkies. And how was it done? How was the giant ape created and made to look "alive"—how were the battles of the monsters filmed—how were their cries concocted—how was Fay Wray picked up in Kong's huge paw? This is the first story—and the only authorized story—telling the "inside" secrets!

THREE hundred hard-boiled newspaper correspondents, with their customary assurance, took their seats in Grauman's Chinese Theatre recently. The hour was nine-thirty in the morning, an unearthly time for the average Hollywood news hound to be awake or about. But RKO Studio was holding an advance press preview of "King Kong," in the making for more than two years amid much mystery. They were promised such a picture as they had never seen before—and they were there to be shown.

Before noon the showing was over and the same three hundred members of the press emerged from the theatre to face the glaring sunlight of a California day. They were no longer hard-boiled. They gave no evidence of ever having been self-assured. They felt, as a matter of fact, like tiny atoms, so thoroughly were they still within the thrall of this gargantuan thing that is "King Kong?"

It was several minutes before a sense of reality returned. Then, almost to a man, came the chorus of nearly three hundred voices, asking, "How was it done?"

As "King Kong" confounded these many writers, wise in the technical tricks of the film trade, as it presented to them an illusion that they were unable to fathom, so it probably has startled and intrigued you. And you, too, have no doubt asked, "How was it done?"

Under ordinary circumstances, the long-established policy of MOVIE CLASSIC would prohibit an answer to that question in these pages. It is not our desire to strip the films of their glamour, to destroy the illusion of good drama. If "King Kong" were other than what it is, an obvious excursion into fantasy, we would not attempt to reveal the "inside" story



Photos by Bachrach

of its production. It is impossible, however, to view the picture without the knowledge that the whole affair is a feat of movie magic. You know that you are being magnificently fooled, yet you find yourself willing to enter into the spirit of the



Top, Kong shakes the men off the tree over the abyss. Above, he raises the rope on which Fay Wray and Bruce Cabot are escaping

By JACK GRANT

deception—that is, while you are in the theatre. Then you return to reality and begin to wonder.

All Visitors Banned

SECRECY, of course, surrounded the actual photographing of this monstrous spectacle during the two and a half years that it was in production. Every technical process known to films was employed to animate the pre-historic mammals and when the effects, in a few cases, were unsatisfactory, no less than seven new processes in camera magic were invented. People wishing to visit the "King Kong" sets were advised politely that it was impossible to do so. But Hollywood, completely fooled, did not guess that there simply were no sets to see unless one took along a magnifying glass.

Secrecy, except for these inventions which cannot be patented, is no longer necessary. "King Kong" has been completed and now is in your theatres from Coast to Coast. You have seen it or will see it. But in this story, you will learn for the first time how it was done.

The idea that was to become "King Kong" was originally conceived, as you know, by the late Edgar Wallace, the author of countless mystery novels, and Merian C. Cooper, who, with Ernest Schoedsack, has adventured in far corners of the earth to film such pictures as "Grass," "Chang," and "Four Feathers." It was Cooper's desire to create a film monster so fantastic that it would defy description. But he was to learn that man cannot improve on Nature.

"We quickly discovered that we must follow the laws of Nature, even in fantasy," Cooper

(Continued on page 66)



Kong and the tyrannosaurus battle for Fay Wray (in treetop at right). The figures, huge on the screen, were actually miniatures



Five different pictures were joined to make this one scene of Kong atop the Empire State Building, battling the airplanes



Left, Fay Wray gazes horror-stricken at where Kong is supposed to be. Above, the adventurers fight a dinosaur—which wasn't there when they made the scene!



Pardon the bewildered, dreamy look—but Bette has just attained stardom. (It didn't take her long to get there, once she was on the way!) She just realized that now she won't have any private life any more. And being a new bride—Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., is the name—she doesn't relish that. As a bride in "Ex-Lady," she runs up against every difficulty except that one. What to do??

BETTE DAVIS



ELISSA LANDI—

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Elissa looks right at home in one of those "riding-to-the-hounds" derbies that are all the rage now. And she FEELS right at home in her Santa Monica garden—now that she knows she'll be staying. For the battle for radiant rôles is all won. She has one in "The Warrior's Husband"—and "I Loved You Wednesday" will offer her still another!



Fryer

The bank and salary holidays are over—and it's almost time for swimming. So the girls are happy again! Mary Brian (top left) is all set for that first-dive-of-the-year. Betty McMahon (top center) isn't out of her opera pumps yet, but she's in her sun suit, anyway! And Joan Blondell (above) says nobody's going to get more Vitamin D this year than she is. At the left—twice—you see how newcomer Patricia Green is all prepared to become Patricia Brown just as soon as possible



Besides having hair that's the envy of all the other girls in town, Ginger Rogers (left) has a new bathing suit that can be seen from one end of Malibu to the other. Why shouldn't she be happy? Above, you see the back of it—with not even a shadow on the shoulders



Al Jolson's back from the East—which is one reason for Ruby Keeler to be happy. Also, he says they're going on a world cruise together. And to top everything, it's almost time to dance down to Malibu again and get Ruby-red!

Sari Maritza can hardly wait to get down to the beach and make the lifeguards' eyes pop. For one thing (top left), she'll stroll down in a wrap-around skirt, instead of beach pajamas. For another thing (right), she has a blue-and-white RUBBER suit!

**HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE
AGAIN!**

Richee





Longworth

Some people like to give their minds a rest when they relax—but not the Brents. They face each other across a chessboard and see which can outwit the other. (At the moment, from the look of things, Ruth has the upper hand.) And even as they like to play opposite each other in chess, they like to play opposite each other in pictures. Which they do once again in "Lilly Turner"

**RUTH CHATTERTON
AND
GEORGE BRENT**

BETTER TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY, GIRLS!

When Stuart Erwin left Squaw Valley, California, for the big movie city, he played "dumb" and wouldn't look at a girl—until he decided he'd like to marry June Collyer. Then he won the gal—and began to get the last laughs in films, as well. Now he's a hero in "Under the Tonto Rim"!



Jack Oakie—the pride of Sedalia, Missouri—has always looked happy-go-lucky. But since when has he shed his sweatshirt and become the Well-Dressed Man? Since Peggy Hopkins Joyce came to town and he became her escort! Better look at him twice, girls, in "From Hell to Heaven"!

ONE STAYS FEMININE—
ONE GOES MASCULINE—
AND BOTH HAVE GLAMOUR!



There's something glamorous about blondes, no matter what they wear. Nell O'Day (left), who is George O'Brien's platinum blonde in "Smoke Lightning," holds those feminine lines in satin and lace. While newcomer June Vlasak (above)—and there's gold in them thar curls, too—takes on masculine lines in a chic white flannel suit. And both are a treat for the eyes!

"It's Your Duty to Spend!"

Says CAROLE LOMBARD

"It's your duty to be EXTRAVAGANT!" declares Carole—to keep prices down, to keep stores and cafes and theatres open, to keep people at work. It's the only way out of the depression for all of us, says she—and leads the way for Hollywood, where salaries are going down, down, DOWN!

By FAITH SERVICE

IT'S your duty to spend—to be extravagant—now as never before!" says Carole Lombard. That is what she tells herself, and her friends. That is what she would like to tell you. It's her answer to those who whisper, "Hang onto your money. Hoard it." She echoes the word from Washington that, when more money is spent, there will be more money to go around and prices will stay down.

Carole says, "We haven't any right to stay away from the theatres and cafes and shops and clubs. These aren't just pleasure places. They are places where people are earning livings—and helping other people to earn livings. We haven't any right to 'do without' clothes and furs and parties and cars. Because if we don't spend and give other people work, they're going to be out of jobs before long. And where will they get other jobs? How will they live? And if we refuse to spend and other people lose work because of it—their ability to spend will be cut off. And that will, in turn, hurt you and me. It all works in a circle. We can't hope to reap good times again, unless everybody helps to sow them. And EVERYBODY means both you and me.

"If we stop spending money, we strike a death blow at the very roots of *everything*, beginning with the factories and ending with the already half-empty stores. If no one is willing to consume the output of the factories, how and why should they operate—and what will become of their hundreds of thousands of employees? If we stay away from the stores, what is to become of the clerks employed in them? If we economize on our food, what is going to happen to the farmers, the grocers, the butchers? If money is not

poured into circulation, where will it go—what good will it do? Hoarding—not spending—breeds unemployment; it promotes desperation and crime.

Depression a "Poor" Excuse

THE depression has been used as an 'out,' an excuse for not buying and giving by too many people, who have been scared by the old bugaboo of fear. I am not talking, of course, of those who cannot do it because they simply haven't GOT it to do with. They are the victims, at least partially, of those of us who can, but are afraid to, be 'extravagant.'

"Stores say they are
(Continued on page 78)

"I wouldn't have a single pang of fear if I were told that I would be poor again tomorrow!" says Carole—and explains why





JIMMY DURANTE Bares His Marriage Secrets

Jimmy, the Well-Dressed Man, has been married since "de Woil' War, butta don't seem no longer 'an de Civil War ta me." And how has he managed to dodge divorce so long—with even Garbo (so he says) making eyes at him? Just listen to his rules for staying married, though happy. They'll overwhelm you!

By JAMES FIDLER

THE World War had just ended and the politicians' heroic speeches were dying down when Jimmy Durante walked into the New York city hall and demanded a marriage license. "Starting a little war of your own, huh?" guyed the clerk. "Well, buddy, you may have been a general over there, but from now on you're a buck private, and don't forget it."

"An' I ain't forgot," Durante says. "I still gotta wife ta remind me."

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is the beginning of Jimmy's story, privately related to me, of how he has managed to remain happily married for fifteen years,

part of that time in Hollywood—among the screen sirens.

The license clerk produced the necessary papers, then said, "That will be two dollars, mister."

"Two bucks?" screamed Durante. "I can buy a dog license fer one!"

"It's safer, too," said the clerk, which was as funny as anything Jimmy might have spoken.

Without undue fuss, Durante and his present wife were married. She at once surrendered her own professional career as a singer and dedicated her life to her husband. If Mrs. Durante has since felt the urge to return to the stage—which she might
(Continued on page 72)

SOME OF JIMMY'S RULES

"Don't never take outta wife an' goil frien' atta same time.

"Keep 'at li'l ol' address book hidda.

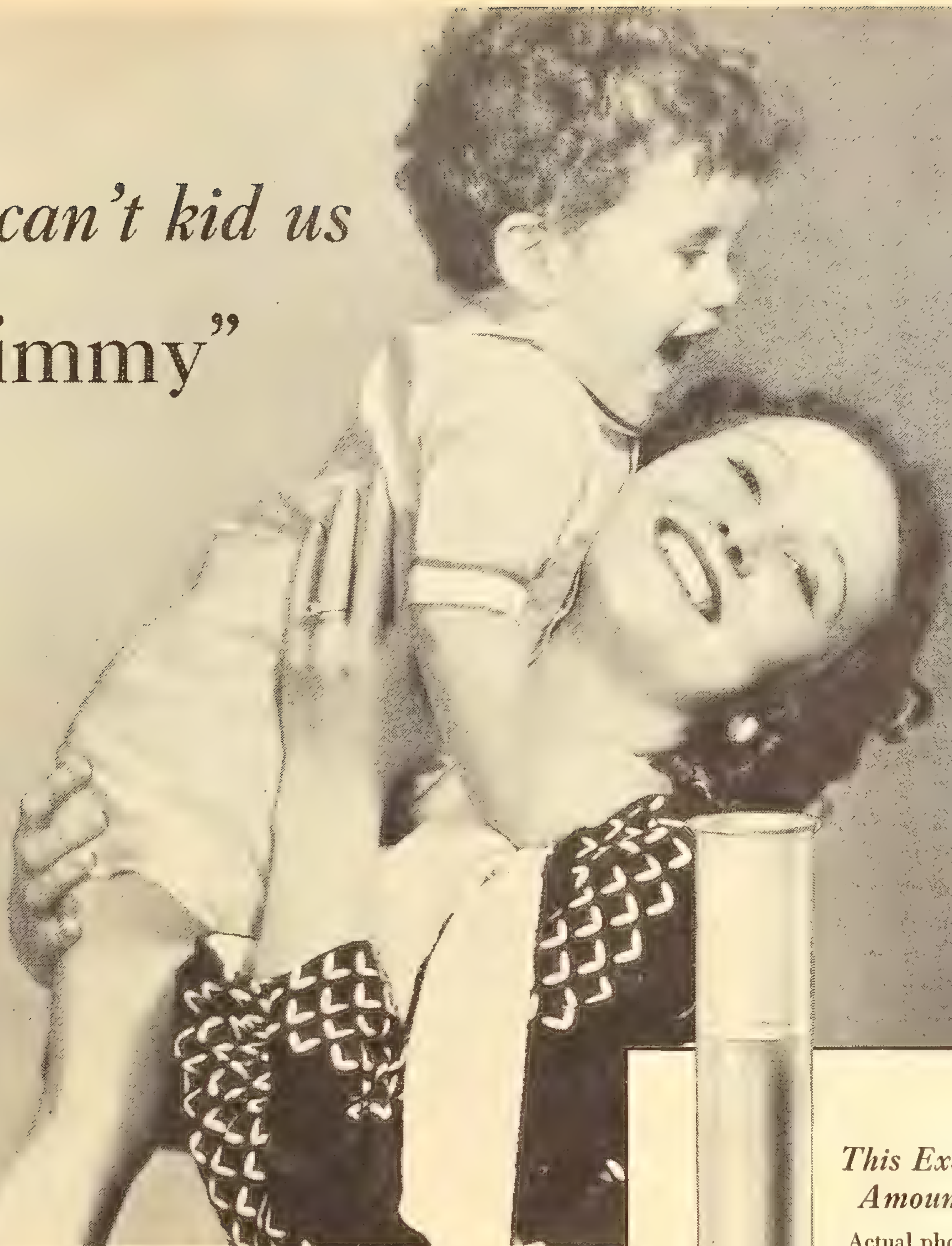
"If a wife's relatives wanta live wit' yuh, say 'Yessa'—if yer owna, say 'Naw.'

"If a missus finda lipstick on yer hannerchief, alluz boin up an' shout, 'How'd 'at get dere?'

"On yer night out wit' a boys, don't come a home blowin' yer schnozzle onna silk stockin'.

"If yuh gotta goil frien', don't never say it wit' ink."

*“They can’t kid us
Jimmy”*



“I’D RATHER have you than be a movie star. Daddy calls us Palmolive pals and says we’ll never be wallflowers as long as we continue to keep clean and sweet with Palmolive. He says that explains his beautiful family.

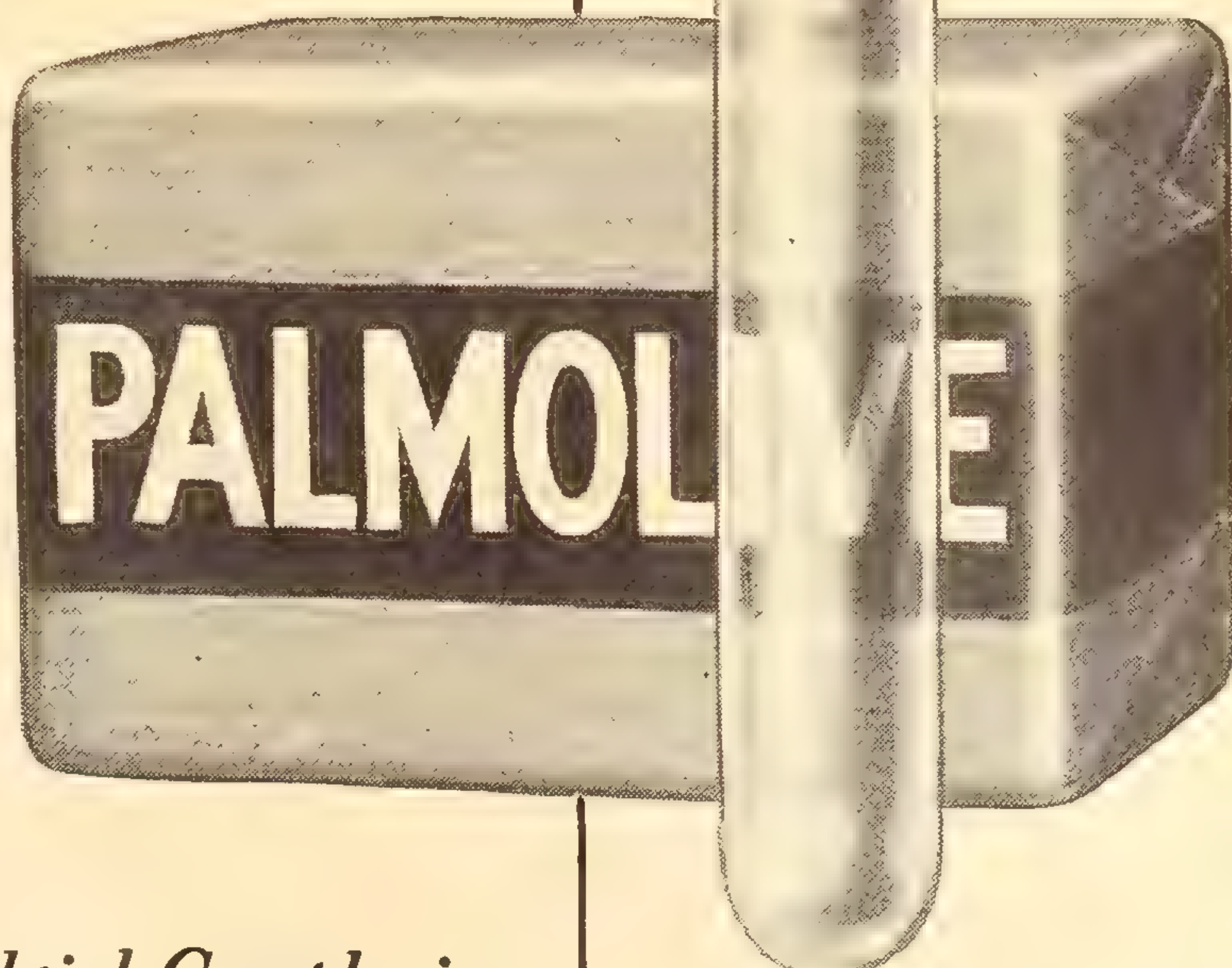
Just between you and me, Jimmy — mumsy still has her schoolgirl complexion★ and gets a great kick out of living. Too bad more women don’t know the truth. I’ve used Palmolive since I was big as you and I know all that olive oil in each cake is good for little boys and big girls and big boys and little girls. At any rate—this family will take no chances experimenting.”

* * *

★and now since the price of keeping that schoolgirl complexion has been reduced by just about one-half—you and millions of women and the whole family can use this famous cosmetic soap freely for face, hands, bath and shampoo.

*This Exact
Amount*

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each cake of Palmolive.



Now it costs less to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

“Don't let _____ warns



“When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!”

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, and yet something that was precious has been lost. She is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown humdrum, stale.

“DON'T let love grow humdrum!” This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

“When a man begins to take you for granted,” she says, “look out!”

Then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning — and *holding* — adoration. “Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness. You can do it the way the screen stars do. Men

love grow hum-drum”

HELEN TWELVETREES



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth, tender skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.



She begins to live over again the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now love is glamorous again, life is colorful, gay!

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!”

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the large film studios.

Don't be satisfied with a skin that just “gets by.” Have a skin flawlessly lovely—irresistible. Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



*Let the Beauty
Soap of the
Stars make
your skin
Glamorous*

FROCKS and FRIENDS

Perspiration can Cost
You Both



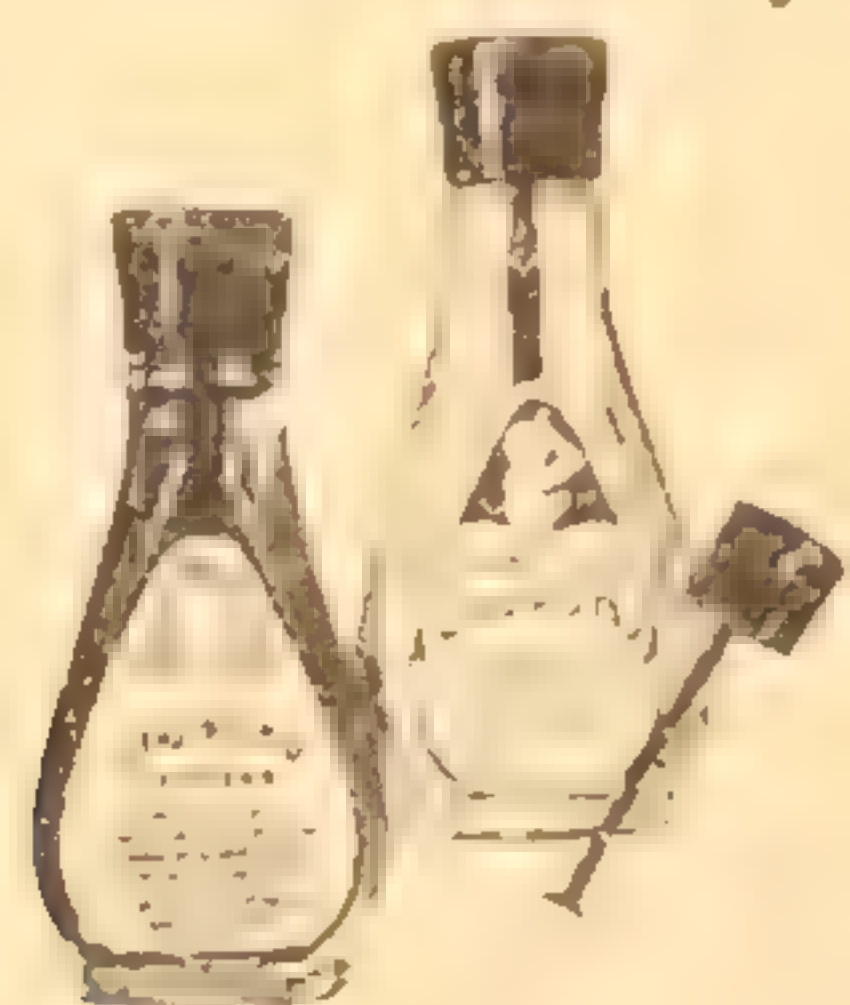
Under your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO
REGULAR

INSTANT
ODORONO

for use before retiring
—gives 3 to 7 days'
complete protection.

is for quick use—while
dressing or at any time.
1 to 3 days' protection.

ODO·RO·NO

Norma Shearer Talks Back To Dame Rumor

(Continued from page 17)

demand parts I'd like to play, compete and stand up for my rights along with the best of them. I never have at Metro *because of my position*. You can't make a scene with your husband-producer as you could with just a husband or just a producer. That little hyphen between the husband and the producer *is the plank I skid on*.

"In all the time I've been at Metro, I've asked for one story only—'The Divorcée.' As a matter of fact—and not to sound Pollyannaish, which goodness knows I'm not—I've turned down chances to do stories that were offered me, mainly because I was afraid that people would say—just what they do say, anyhow.

"I was offered 'Reunion in Vienna,' for instance. I told Irving it was foolish to give it to me. I wanted Garbo to do it—and said so. I knew that she could give it everything it should have and that I could not.

Doesn't Stand in Way of Other Stars

"In answering the rumors," Norma continued, "many times I have come home late from the studio to find Garbo at the head of my dining-room table, in conference with Irving and others. There she would sit, legs crossed, in a tilted-back chair, while Irving and the other guests, and the very servants, almost completely ignored me for the very real, great star in my place. I've taken whatever odds and ends of dinner the beglamoured servants could think to give me while waiting on Garbo.

"No, it hasn't helped me to be Irving's wife—not as people think it has. Because I haven't let it. I knew that the ill-feeling I could arouse by taking advantage of my position would do me far more harm than the good any one story or coveted part could ever do.

"In every other way Irving has been of inestimable benefit to me. He has taught me things that would have taken a lifetime to learn otherwise. Little things—such as making me read aloud to myself an hour every day in order to keep my voice flexible and strong.

"I wish, while talking of rumors, that there could be more warmth of generosity, more camaraderie among us people of the screen. If we could only capture the glorious sort of feeling that seems to be so marked in other fields—the opera, for instance, as exemplified by that breath-taking last farewell of Scotti's when Lawrence Tibbett stood up in his box and sang 'Auld Lang Syne'—and all the great of the opera world were there, Scotti's friends.

"There is too much jealousy in Hollywood. One star goes to another star's opening, her eyes glazed, sarcasm on her lips, grudging the applause of one she feels to be her competitor. There is too much fear among us—not enough feeling that each one of us can have his own place and that no one really encroaches on anyone else.

"Irving has helped me to hold this point of view very strongly, too. He has pointed out to me that right on the Metro lot, not one of us really conflicts with the other. Take Garbo, and Joan, and Marion Davies, and myself—we are all totally different individuals, each one of us apart, each one capable of doing and being and *giving* different things.

"We should like, Irving and I, to see more of a tradition grow up in pictures, a kindlier, a longer-lived tradition. There's a place for such a tradition as prevails in the opera, in literature, in certain things of the theatre—plays that are like old friends, done over and over again and attended over and over again, faithfully, by the same people. People do not stay away from 'Faust' because they

have heard it many times before. People do not 'scrap' Galsworthy's 'Forsyte Saga' because they have read it a year or two ago. People do not stay at home when 'Romeo and Juliet' is played because it has been played hundreds of times in the past. We should like to see something of this sort happen to pictures. There are too many pictures, Irving feels. That is one trouble. There should be fewer pictures and each one should be greater, worthy of perpetuity.

"There should, perhaps, be fewer players, too. And their span of success should not cease with the passing of their youth. As Duse and Minnie Maddern Fiske and others went on through the years in the theatre, so some of *us* should go on giving to our friends, the audiences, the benefits of our maturing talents.

How Norma Would Carry On

NORMA, warming to her subject, enthusiastically continued: "I have to smile a little at Rumor (1)—that Irving and I are planning to retire and live a life of rural and domestic leisure. I might be able to imagine such a life for myself. But I can't imagine it for a man of Irving's terrific energy.

"If I were to say that Rumor (1) is true—that we were planning to live a non-professional life in some sequestered spot—well, it would *still* be a professional life for me, because I would *make* a profession, for want of a better word, out of being a good wife, a good mother, a good housekeeper and a good social asset. I would never be idle. I would try to make myself as colorful and as significant a person as I try to make of myself in my present professional life.

"Oh, I would know what to do with my leisure and so should any woman with a husband, a home and a child. In the first place, I would have more children. I plan to have at least one more, anyhow—some time soon. I would make a personal profession of being a very good mother. Not the demanding, 'Silver Cord' type—but the sort of person who would be stimulating, entertaining, interesting to the child—the wise and understanding person to whom the child would turn because he wanted to, because he believed in me.

"I would study French and German and singing and piano. I would take up tennis and golf, seriously. I would read and go to lectures and concerts so that I would be adequate to any occasion, to any guest, no matter where he might come from or what his interests might be.

"I feel that our social life is seriously lacking, artificial and *un-individual* these days. I would try to bring back the ways that are gone—the days when people gathered about a piano and sang songs, together, while somebody played for them. I would try to bring back the lost art of conversation. I would try to dispense with radio entertainment and hired orchestras and other mechanical devices. I would try to be entertaining, myself, and to have my guests contribute their share.

"I would be a very competent housekeeper. I would study the fine art of cooking so that I might be able to give intelligent instruction to a cook if I had one, or do it, myself, if I were without one. I would simply do, more zealously and consistently, what I do now anyhow, between pictures. I wouldn't be afraid of leisure—there isn't very much of it for any woman."

These are the morsels Dame Rumor is having herself a time with—and these are some of the answers to them. Whichever rumor is correct, if any, Norma and Irving Thalberg will *always* have an answer to it—so much *is* true and undebatable.

SILVER-BLONDE OR EBONY-BRUNETTE



DRY SKIN MAY MENACE YOUR BEAUTY

Whatever the color of your hair, the texture of your skin, seven out of ten of you are threatened with Dryness! Keep the oil glands active, if you would have the skin that thrills the touch!

But Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream actively aids in keeping the skin fresh, lush, supple, firm.

Beneath the outer layer of the skin, lie hundreds of tiny oil glands, little pockets which supply the skin with the oil that keeps it elastic yet firm, fresh, vigorous. When these go dry, due to lack of exercise, stay-thin-or-die-diets, too much excitement, too little sleep—the source of skin youth is gone! Dry Skin! And with it ugliness—wrinkles under the eyes, crow's feet at the edges, lines from nose to mouth—scaliness, flabbiness! Vitality exhausted!

This cruel tendency showing itself in women of every type and age today must be combated in an *active way*! And now it can be!

The makers of Woodbury's Aids to Loveliness, after long research, recently discovered a new element which is an *active agent* in the war against increasing Dryness of the Skin.

Woodbury's Cold Cream containing this new ingredient, called Element 576, resists Dryness with a vigor no other beauty aid possesses. Element 576 has properties similar to those of vitamins in foods which

bring the body its energy, its capacity to function healthily. Element 576 brings this stimulation to the skin *directly*. Now Woodbury's Cold Cream stirs the skin to more vigorous activity in its own defense, helps it keep supple, fresh, elastic, glowing with health! The functions of the skin are stimulated, the oil glands do their work—resistance to Dryness and all its unhappy consequences is built up.



Despite this priceless new ingredient, Woodbury's Cold Cream comes to you at the same price as before. It cleanses the pores more thoroughly than ever, clears the skin of all impurities. But best of all it helps the skin do its own job of fighting its worst enemy—Dryness! 50c in jars, 25c in tubes.

Other Woodbury Beauty Aids

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM...for powder base and protection against sun, wind and dust. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM...a very light, quick-melting cream for cleansing *only*. Excellent to flush out pore-deep dirt. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM...a high fat cream for upbuilding thin, under-nourished tissues of face and throat. 50¢ in jars.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER...a refreshing liquid to remove excess cream, refine texture, tone up skin. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER...exquisite in perfume, fine in texture—several carefully blended shades. Spreads evenly, stays on, does not clog pores. 50¢ and \$1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send coupon for tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming Loveliness Kit, containing samples of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, new Facial Powder and Facial Soap.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6329 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O.
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TUNE IN on Woodbury's new radio program over station WJZ and N. B. C. coast-to-coast network every Wednesday evening at 9:30 E. S. T.

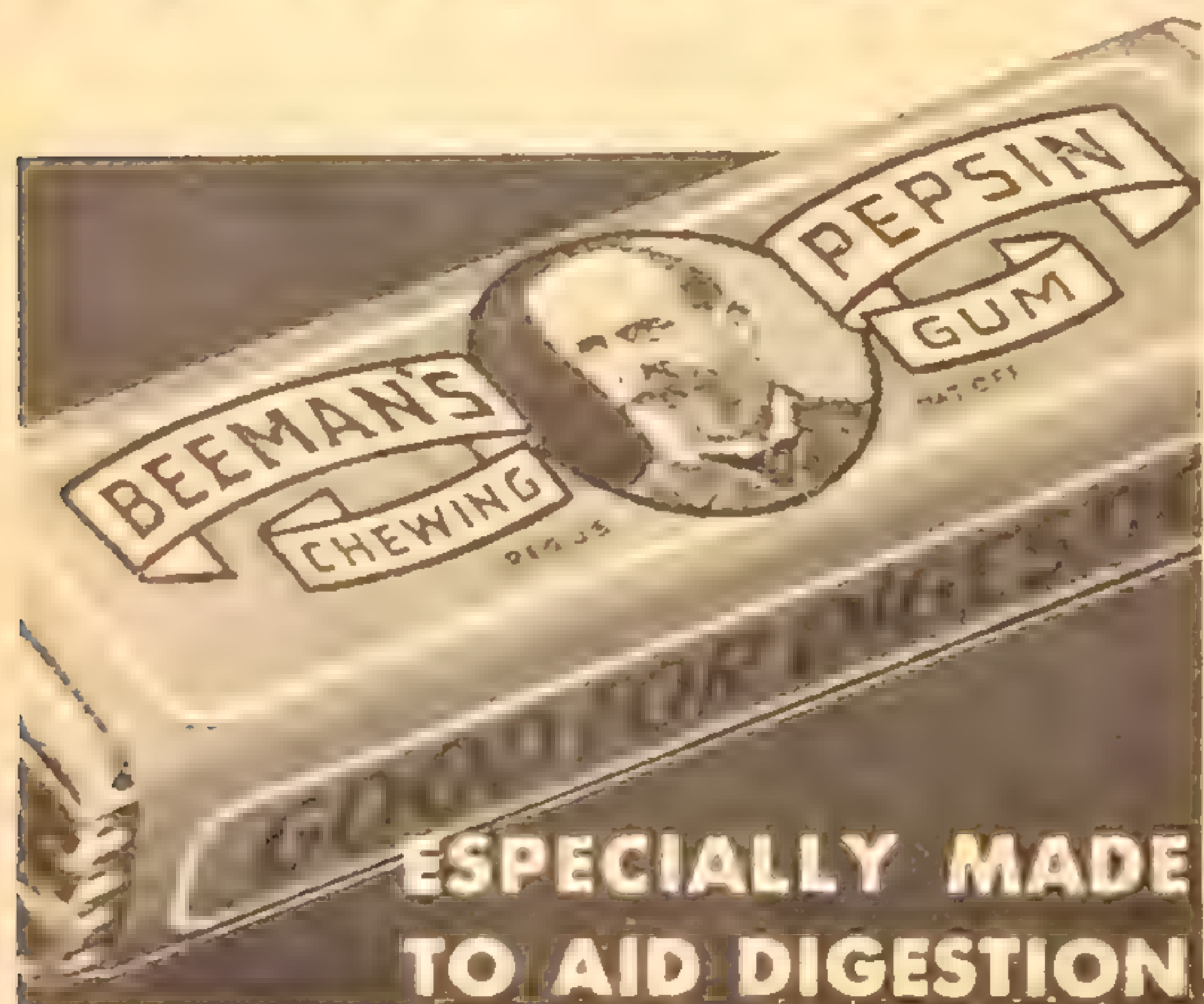


hurricane!

You just feel like tearing into your work a mile a minute when your digestion is good. The trouble is many people have a little indigestion, yet don't know what is bothering them.

It's nice to know that Beeman's Gum is often a real help in indigestion. Dr. Beeman knew what he was doing when he originated Beeman's Pepsin Gum. You'll like the Beeman's flavor. Chew it frequently.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Will His First Big Rôle Make or Break Jack La Rue?

(Continued from page 31)

Why did Raft refuse, absolutely, to take the rôle? Why does La Rue think the rôle may do great things for him? Each of them is willing to tell you!

"I still got a dime," says George Raft, flipping it up into the air in the way he made immortal in "Scarface," and adds, "I always ate before I went into the pictures. And the pictures got along pretty good without Raft, too. Maybe this Paramount break, if it comes to a real split, is all to the good. I don't know."

"I'm not an actor. Anybody is a better actor than I am. You're a better actor. But I've been lucky enough to get a break on the screen. People have been good to me—they've liked me. If I had done what Paramount ordered me to do and played the part of *Trigger* in 'The Story of Temple Drake,' they wouldn't have liked me any more. That's the way I got it figured out. That part was plain suicide for me—a fellow with my face. Any other actor might play it and maybe get away with it, *but I look like that kind of a guy*. Not just on the screen—on the street, anywhere. There'd be just one thing for the public to think and they'd think it—'George Raft, himself, is like *Trigger*.'"

"Listen, do you know what I would have had to do in that picture? First I had to kill a feeble-minded boy and then I had to rape a girl—in a corn-crib, see. Then I take her to a sporting house. That's the part they asked me to play. That's the part I refused to play."

Wants No More Gangster Rôles

"I WAS promised, when I went on that personal appearance tour, 'No more gangster and racketeer rôles'. Then they spring this on me. Listen, I know the luck won't always hold. But I'd like to leave the screen when people could point me out and say, 'That's George Raft. He was hitting on high when he quit.' I'll never be one that gets a bum part and loses the respect of the public, and by and by, has to pan-handle bits while he hears people say, 'That's Raft—remember him?'"

"I'm not panning Paramount for making the picture. That's their business. I'm not criticizing Jack La Rue for taking the part of *Trigger*. Everybody's got a right to see things his own way. I'm only thinking for me—George Raft. I wouldn't play a heel like *Trigger*, because I don't choose to commit suicide, and for me that was plain suicide. I'm not just relying on my own ideas. I don't pretend to know the movie racket. But men who ought to know advised me to do what I did."

"If Paramount and I can't get together—and they took up my option in the same mail they wrote me a letter suspending me from the payroll for refusing to play a part—I can go to Europe and make a personal appearance tour of London and Paris and those places. I'd make a lot more money."

"It's not as if I was a big star and had made my pile," George adds. "My career is just commencing. I haven't made enough to live on out of the movies yet, and I can't afford to take chances like the guys who have been cashing big pay-checks for years."

And what does his successor in the disputed rôle have to say?

"At first I was scared," says Jack La Rue, "Scared to death. Everybody told me it would be suicide for me to play the part George turned down. The Hays Office had vetoed the picture twice and refused to okay the script. I hadn't read the story."

My friends told me, 'Don't—or you won't play it!' I'd just finished three different parts, the saintly young priest in 'A Farewell to Arms,' the horsewhipped squealer in 'The Woman Accused,' and a romantic musician in 'Terror Aboard.' After that one, Paramount gave me a contract. I'd been trying to get ahead in pictures for years and was almost discouraged. Suddenly I had a contract—a chance. The first rôle they asked me to play was *Trigger* in 'The Story of Temple Drake.'

"I didn't want the part—then. But I needed the job, and I couldn't back down on the first chance they gave me—could I? Now I'm glad I'm playing it. I'm not soft-peddling *Trigger* one bit. I'm making him out a dirty dog, and I don't think the public will hate me for it."

"I've been on the stage fifteen years. I've never heard of any actor's being ruined by playing a bad part, not if he played it as well as he knew how. Bad acting has ruined actors—not bad parts. I only hope it doesn't type me; that's all I'm afraid of. I want to play all sorts of parts. Maybe I'm not good-looking enough for a romantic lover. Frank Borzage, who directed 'A Farewell to Arms,' hit the ceiling when he saw whom they'd got for his sympathetic, Christ-like priest. 'That fellow—with that face?' he shouted. But I played it, and the critics were kind enough to say I played it well."

"That's being an actor. On the stage in New York, they don't have you typed to one rôle. You aren't a butler forever because you play a butler once, or a gangster all your life because you're in one gangster play. I've played every sort of part on Broadway. I played the bull-fighter in 'Blood and Sand.' I played the Spanish fellow in 'Diamond Lil' with Mae West. I've played both heavies and lovers."

Why It's His Big Chance

"GEORGE RAFT and I are good friends—I've known George for years. I don't blame him, understand. He has more than I to lose—he has gone farther. I don't think an actor ought to have to play a rôle he feels will hurt his career. But as a matter of fact, all this newspaper stuff and argument is going to be great publicity for the picture—and for me. Everybody will be curious to see the fellow who took the part George Raft wouldn't play."

"And, after all, it's going to be a swell picture, reflecting a phase of modern life. There are plenty of excitement-crazy society girls like the one called *Temple Drake* that Miriam Hopkins plays. And plenty of guys like *Trigger*, too. I'm making him one of the lowest heels that ever stepped on the screen. I hope I haven't got the public wrong."

Jack La Rue has been around Hollywood for four or five years without getting his Big Chance. You may have glimpsed him in gangster and night-club scenes—he has a face one remembers. He is gambling all his future on the hope that the public won't hold it against him that he plays a despicable character in "The Story of Temple Drake." If he wins, he may make as big a hit in as short a time as George Raft has done this last year. If George doesn't make up his differences with Paramount, he might even fall heir to some of George's future pictures. "The Story of Temple Drake" will mean Fame or Failure to Jack La Rue.

And now, to top it all, there's a report that George and Jack will soon play together in a picture now being planned!

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For the sake of your comfort—for economy’s sake—learn the full advantages of Kotex with Patented Equalizer. It is now on sale at drug, dry goods, and department stores in your city.

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To ease the task of enlightenment

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face a most trying situation.

This year—some five million mothers will face a difficult task. Thousands of these mothers will be too timid to meet this problem.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment, the Kotex Company has had prepared a booklet, “Marjorie May’s Twelfth Birthday.”

It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy in a plain envelope without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below.

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Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of
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Street

City

State



Joan Crawford Explains Why She and Doug, Jr., Are Parting

(Continued from page 21)

who has changed. It is trite to use the phrase 'temperamentally incompatible'—and yet it just means that Douglas and I no longer like to do the same things. He has his friends. I have mine. The fact that they weren't always the same, or that we needed anybody else besides each other to be happy, was the first symptom that something was wrong with our marriage . . ."

The light glances off from the diamond that Joan is still wearing. "I am the one who has changed," she says slowly. "Or maybe I haven't changed. Maybe when I was first married, and was housewifely, and bride-like, and silly, I was trying to change. I was so happy! I wanted so to be a good wife and sweetheart—maybe I was playing at being a carefree, adolescent Joan then! I have had to be serious, you see. I've had to be ambitious—I have had my own way to make since I was a child almost. I can't play when there is work to be done. I can only work. I cannot bear to think of remaining stagnant, of not getting ahead. Douglas would rather play than do anything else in the world.

"From small matters that we didn't agree on, we gradually came to larger matters. One thing I'm proud of. We have never quarreled about our disagreements, but we can't always avoid it if we go on living together.

Was It Doomed From the First?

"I SHOULD hate to have our marriage, which started so beautifully, end in bitterness. *I will not allow what we have had to be spoiled.* Probably it was doomed from the beginning, as so many people warned us when we were married. And yet I did try to make it a success. That is why I wouldn't marry Douglas at once, but insisted on a year's engagement. I wanted to be *sure*. It meant so much to me. Too much, perhaps. Maybe you can't work so hard, just for happiness and contentment. You become conscious of the struggle, overstrained, taut, and so destroy the very thing you are trying to do. But I did try—"

Yes, Joan, you did try. You tried to make yourself into your ideal of a wife. I think that Hollywood has never witnessed such a gallant fight as you made of it. You mothered the eternal boy who was and is and probably always will be Doug, Junior. In years you were about the same age, but in experience and the bitter education that comes from the school of hard knocks you were eons older than he will ever be, on the day you said "I will."

"For more than two years," Joan goes on, with her eyes somber, "we were as happy as we were quoted to be. We had more happiness in those two years than lots of people can look back to at their golden wedding. We had a secret love language that we talked even when we were alone. We played amazing games. We were always planning some trick on the other, or some surprise. We were insanely, ecstatically happy just to be together.

"Such a state doesn't often last forever. But we kept postponing the end of the honeymoon. Even after we were forced to admit that we could not go on as we had begun, and even after we knew that we would accept no poorer relationship than we had had, we made one final desperate effort. We went to Europe together last Fall for the sole purpose of attempting to regain our lost happiness. We wanted to stay in love. The papers, when we came

home, called it 'a second honeymoon'—but it wasn't one. We kept on denying divorce rumors, *but in our hearts we knew—*

Gossip Held Them Together

"GOSSIP, far from being the cause of our separation, has held us together for many months," Joan says definitely. "We were waiting until false charges would subside long enough for us to make a clean break without hateful gossip. We were both determined that the other was not to take the brunt of blame for the separation. There was this much affection remaining, at least. I wanted to protect Douglas—and, as a matter of fact, I would not take the rap, myself. It would have been unjust. No matter what gossipers have said, I can look at myself in my mirror and say, 'Joan, you have played the game.'"

"It wasn't until Douglas went to New York alone recently that the word 'separation' was mentioned openly between us. He went away for the sole purpose of making a temporary break so that we both might think. Hollywood isn't a very good place for straight thinking. When he came back, he said, 'Joan, it's for you to do what you think best. It's in your hands.' Even Douglas' father agreed. He said, 'If you two kids are getting on each other's nerves, certainly, call it quits and remain friends.' We are doing just that—parting in the friendliest possible spirit!"

You look like a schoolgirl as you sit there, Joan, all except your eyes. No schoolgirl ever had such tragic eyes. It's a funny thing, but you look *lonely*, Joan. How can a famous movie star with a huge salary and a million fan letters look lonely?

Won't Run Away From Memories

"NATURALLY, I am disheartened," Joan says, as if in answer to my thoughts. "But I am not going to run away from my memories. People will probably find fault with me for staying on here alone in the Brentwood house where Douglas and I have lived together for three and a half years. Gossip will call me heartless for keeping our 'honeymoon house.' I wish you'd tell them that this wasn't a honeymoon house—I built it and lived in it a year before we were married.

"Hollywood will criticize me, too, probably, for having returned every present Douglas ever gave me; even the engagement ring I have on now will be returned.

"Sick at heart as I am that our marriage is over, I could hardly find much comfort from mementos of a lost happiness. It is not healthy to cling to the past. One is so apt to remember the unpleasantness and forget the lovely parts."

What about the future, Joan—when you have moved your furniture about, and told the cook that she needn't make Doug's favorite dessert any more, and you have picked up the pieces of your life?

"I'm not going to give up my friendships," Joan answers. "I intend to go out dancing when the mood strikes me, and dine and go places with those I'm fond of. In this respect, I will defy the talkers. I'll even be glad to make dates with Douglas if he calls me up. I may go on taking care of his business affairs for him, too—"

"It is time enough to talk of divorce when either of us falls in love again. For my part, I know that it will be a long, long time before I will think of anything so serious as a second marriage. If I couldn't make a success of the first, why should I try again?"

Are MEN too POLITE to you at parties?

Gray hair sets you apart, brings you respect instead of heart-warming admiration.

SO correct—offering you refreshments—making sure you're comfortable—while everyone else is dancing. There's no denying it—gray hair sets up a barrier that keeps men at a distance.

Why welcome Heartbreak Age? Youth is precious, not to be given up lightly. Banish gray hair that makes you look years older than you should—steals those happy moments that make life bright and varied.

Notox is a new scientific method that recolors your hair undetectably. Instead of crusting the hair with a surface plate of dye as do ordinary dyes and "restorers" Notox gently penetrates the shaft and colors it inside where nature does. Your hair remains beautifully soft, lustrous and natural. Wash it, wave it, expose it to the sun all you like—Notoxed hair retains its natural, even shade as permanently as nature's own color.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Or buy Notox at any smart shop. *Resent a substitute—a like product does not exist.*

• SEND FOR FREE COPY of the fascinating booklet "Heartbreak Age". We will give you, too, the address of a convenient beauty shop where you may have your hair recolored with Notox. Write Sales Affiliates, Inc., Dept. 51, 33 W. 46 St., New York.

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RED, ROUGH HANDS . . .

*made smooth,
white, lovely—*

IN ONLY 3 DAYS!

HER new friends were wild with envy! Her gorgeous frock...her beautifully coiffured hair...she outshone them all!

Then they saw her hands—coarse, red, rough . . . They breathed easily again. No danger of anyone falling for a girl with *those* hands!

Are you killing the charm of *your* lovely frocks, the allure of *your* beauty, with rough, red, ugly hands?

Would you continue to, if you knew that only 3 days of Hinds care would make your hands tenderly soft, white, lovely? The kind of hands men adore . . .

How this famous cream works

Hot water . . . harsh cleansers . . . housework . . . all take away the natural oils that keep hands soft. Hinds Cream *puts back* these precious oils. And thus restores youthful softness and smoothness.

The moment you rub this dainty, gossamer-fine cream into your hands you feel the skin become soft and supple again.

Unlike ordinary hand lotions

Observe how different Hinds is from other hand lotions. It is not weak and thinned out, nor is it one of these thick, gummy jellies that just stay on the top of the skin. Hinds is so chiffon-fine, so penetrating, that it goes deep down *through* the skin layers where the *real* healing work must be done.

Use Hinds *always* after hands have been in water, after exposure, and *before going to bed at night*.

This famous lotion leaves an invisible "*second skin*", too, that protects hands from chapping and drying, keeps them lovely in all kinds of weather. This "*second skin*" is a fine layer of Hinds Cream that has penetrated deeply through the rough skin. There it stays, softening, whitening, *protecting*.



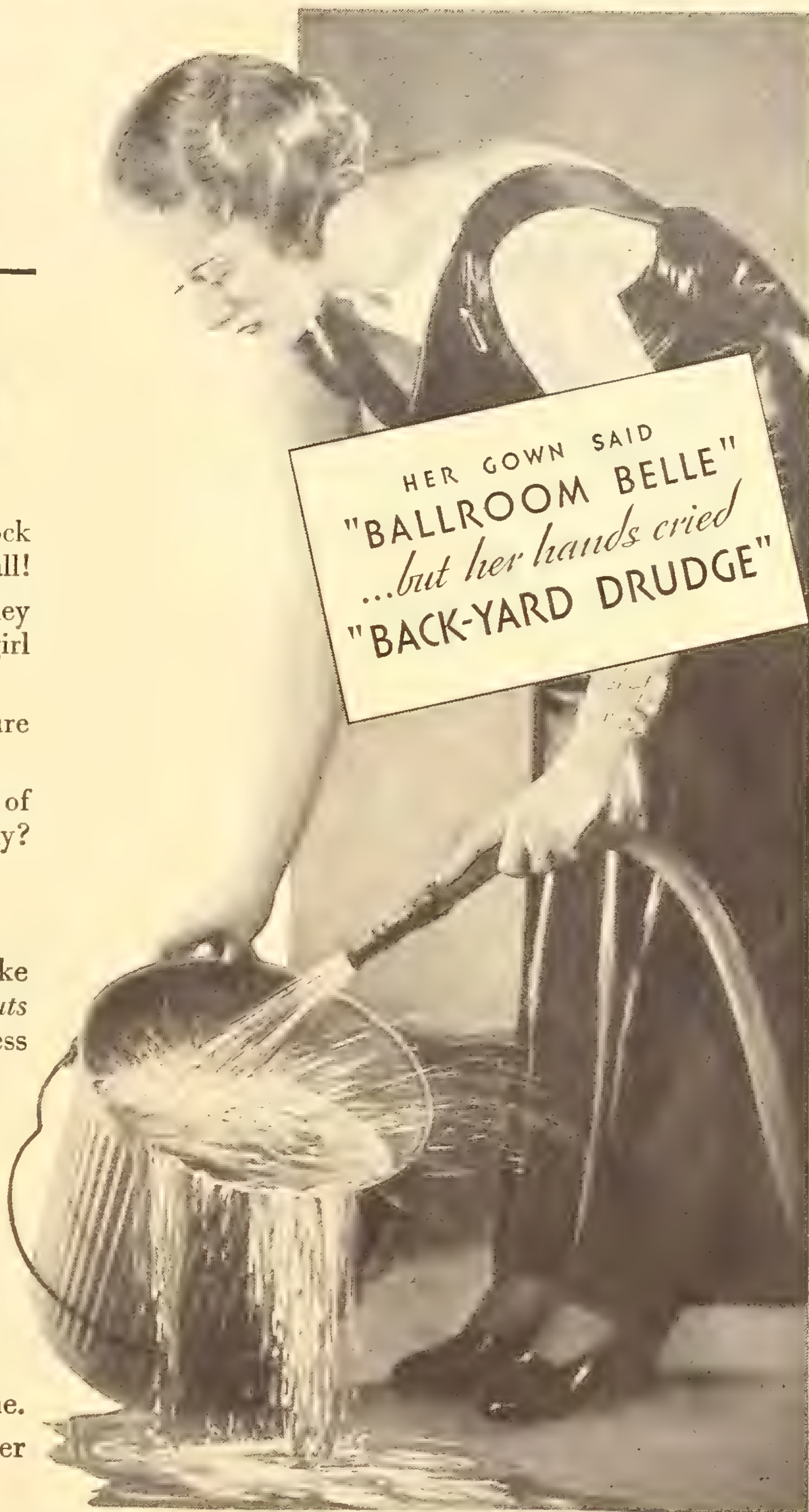
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Coupon below brings you a generous trial bottle of Hinds by fast return mail. See how deeply Hinds penetrates, healing those rough cracks, that sore, dried-out skin. How soft, white, lovely, it makes hands. Fill out and mail coupon NOW.



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Wherever she goes, women envy her — men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make your hair lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint"—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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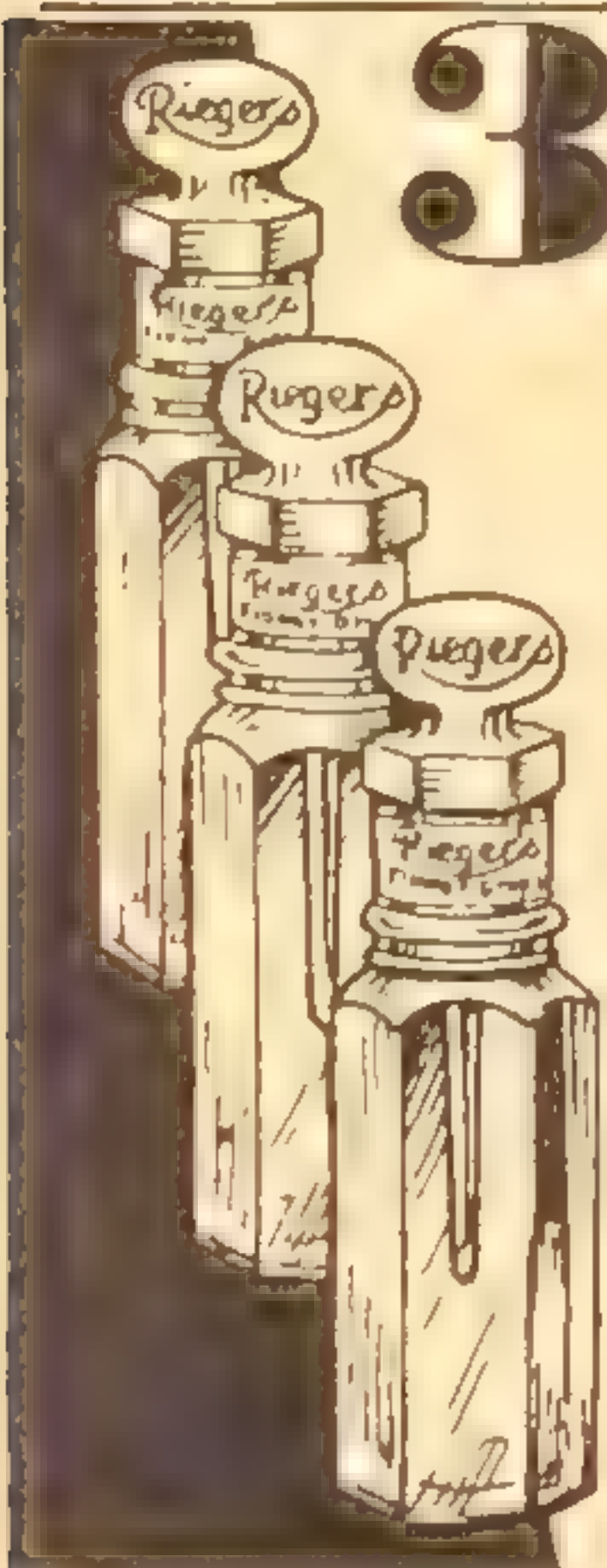
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THE most exquisite and refined of all perfumes! Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

A single drop lasts a week! Regular value of each vial is 25c—total 75c. I'll give you three trial vials of our most exquisite Flower Drops odors—Romanza, Esprit de France, Violet. To pay for postage and handling, send only 30c (silver or stamps) for all three vials.

PAUL RIEGER
America's Master Perfumer
182 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

Will It Be Trousers for Women?

(Continued from page 19)

Marlene Dietrich has received more newspaper space for wearing trousers than Garbo ever got for being mysterious. And all within the space of three months.

Naturally, the emotions of Hollywood are mingled! Rival feminine stars, who had been wearing slacks and lounging pajamas for years, suddenly discovered that they thought that women should be womanly. The more youthful players went into pants unanimously. Some studios sent out edicts that their women stars should not be photographed in male attire or quoted on the subject. "Why should we give Dietrich any more publicity?" they inquired bitterly.

Perhaps Metro has been the most badly bruised by the phenomenal publicity given Marlene's trousers—which she claims she donned to be comfortable, not sensational. For many years Garbo has worn trousers, not only for those famous solitary walks of hers in the rain, but for street sauntering. Attendants at the Filmarte Theatre often saw Garbo strolling in, wearing white flannel trousers and a mannish coat. Partygoers were accustomed to the sight of a Greta in slacks or trousers. Her neighbors no longer turned to look when she sauntered out of her house in masculine garb. But nobody had ever thought of making publicity out of it. And so Garbo, the real pioneer of pants, gets no credit for her bravery in flaunting convention—and is the Metro Lion's face red!

Gwili Says "They're Show-Off"

BUT let's hear what Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women have to say about the new mannish vogue!

"I shall not take up mannish suits," says Gwili Andre, who, before coming to Hollywood, was the highest-paid clothes model in New York City. "They are not my type. But I think they are not becoming to any type of woman. They are show-off. True style is never sensational. I have modeled for the best couturiers and dress-designers in New York and have never worn an immodest gown. Here in Hollywood I rebelled at the nakedness of some of the evening dresses. I refused to wear them. I refuse to wear trousers, too.

"Suggestion is so much more fascinating than reality—but what sort of suggestion is there in a man's garments? Satins, chiffons, laces, velvets—these are the materials that enhance woman's femininity. After all, women are not made like men. Why try to look like them? The result is grotesque. Mannish styles for women will never succeed to any extent. Women want to look charming and attractive, and I do not know one who can in masculine-type clothes."

Lilyan Tashman won the title of The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood long ago and has held it against all comers ever since. Lilyan is no coward when it comes to introducing extreme styles—as witness her straw jacket and tiny pancake hat recently. But she has so little patience with the masculinized styles that she has decided to wear skirts all summer at Malibu instead of beach slacks and pajamas, just to register her convictions.

"Most men despise women in trousers, and my husband, Edmund Lowe, is one of those who are most vehement against the pants-for-women vogue," says Lilyan. "Just when the styles were getting so charming and becoming to everyone, too! Of course, the public won't take this absurd hybrid fad seriously, and yet it has had the result of deflecting the attention from the lovely mid-Victorian revivals of feathers and lace and frills. However, a certain type of woman always follows fashions set by

movie stars—and trousers are a craze at present. But I can't see how they can last.

No Excuse for Them, Says Lil

"ANYTHING beautiful is excusable, but there is nothing beautiful in the feminine figure in male clothes. Women have had the priceless chance to show individuality in their clothes which men have never had—why take it away from them? Sports clothes—that is, clothes that look sporty, but would hardly be worn for the actual sports, themselves—are the ideal daytime garb for women."

Carole Lombard, another candidate for the style honors of Hollywood, is likewise scornful. "I have never seen a single woman who looked well in trousers," says Carole coldly, allowing her eyes to rest momentarily on Marlene at the next table, in a gray flannel lounge suit, beret, men's oxfords and turtle-neck sweater (a la Clark Gable).

"After all, it is a bit silly, isn't it, to say that severely tailored suits are new? I've worn them for years. I adore men's tailoring—but trousers? No! Putting them on takes away woman's last advantage of sex.

"We have aped the men until we earn our own living, vote, smoke, go to Congress—but we did have one advantage over them—lovely clothes and comfortable garments. Now, we are thinking of giving up that advantage and putting on stiff, rasping woollens and tweeds, with hot trousers and stiff collars. Besides, what a drab world it would be without women's styles, constantly changing, always gay and new and colorful to add to the scenery! To be sure, it's expensive to keep up with constantly-changing styles—but that keeps industry going. If there were a standardized style for women, as there is for men, think how many thousands of textile workers and lace makers, and silkworms would be out of work!"

One of the newer of the Best-Dressed Women of the Screen is Adrienne Ames, recruit from New York's Four Hundred, with five cars, eight servants, and a wardrobe that has made Hollywood open its eyes. Adrienne's husband is reputedly, a millionaire. Her New York apartment is on Park Avenue, and her pictures are in the roto section every Sunday, wearing gorgeous fashions.

Intends to Stay Feminine

"I, FOR one, am not ashamed of being a woman. I intend to keep on looking like one," says Adrienne succinctly. "I don't mind adapting masculine styles to feminine garments. In fact, I have just had the most adorable little suit made—a sort of caricature of a man's tailored coat that is the most coquettish garment you can imagine, because it calls attention to the feminine figure. The contrast is chic. But trousers on women are hideous! The public will never go for them. Broadway, yes, perhaps—but you will never see a woman wearing a man's suit on Fifth Avenue, or Park! But, of course, it's just a stunt with Marlene, and it certainly has been grand publicity!"

"I don't care much for pants on men, much less on women," Mary Pickford says. Mary, being the court of last resort on most matters, deserves listening to here: "I'd like to see men go back to the styles of the old days when they wore ruffles and satins and more colors. That made for romance, and the world needs that just now."

Lilian Harvey is horrified to find Hollywood going into pants just as she has arrived with forty-five separate dresses and suits, complete with hats, shoes, bags, and gloves

(Continued on page 64)



Those *Marked* days

what will they tell you?

IS THE FEAR OF THEM SHATTERING YOUR HEALTH?

Many eminent physicians have declared that *fear* often acts on the system like a poison, creating a toxic condition that is particularly disturbing to the delicate feminine organism.

When women watch the calendar, month after month, with anxiety and apprehension, this very worry, in itself, often causes feminine irregularities and ill-health.

Why not banish "CALENDAR FEAR"? Why not follow the lead of millions of women who are safeguarding health, youth and feminine daintiness by practicing correct and sensible hygiene?

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nine antisepsis that has been approved by leading doctors throughout the world, for more than forty years.

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cleanliness. Use "Lysol" according to directions. Your druggist has it. Your doctor recommends it . . . And be sure to send for the new, *free* "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage." It will come to you in a plain envelope. Please use the coupon below.

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A new feminine health-booklet prepared exclusively by women for women . . . World-famous gynecologists offer their professional and personal advice in simple, frank English . . . Send today for "Marriage Hygiene—the important part it plays in the ideal marriage."

"Lysol" is economical . . . a treatment costs less than one cent. "Lysol" is safe . . . it contains no free caustic alkali. "Lysol" is effective . . . it destroys hidden germ-life. "Lysol" has enjoyed the full confidence of the medical profession for over 40 years.



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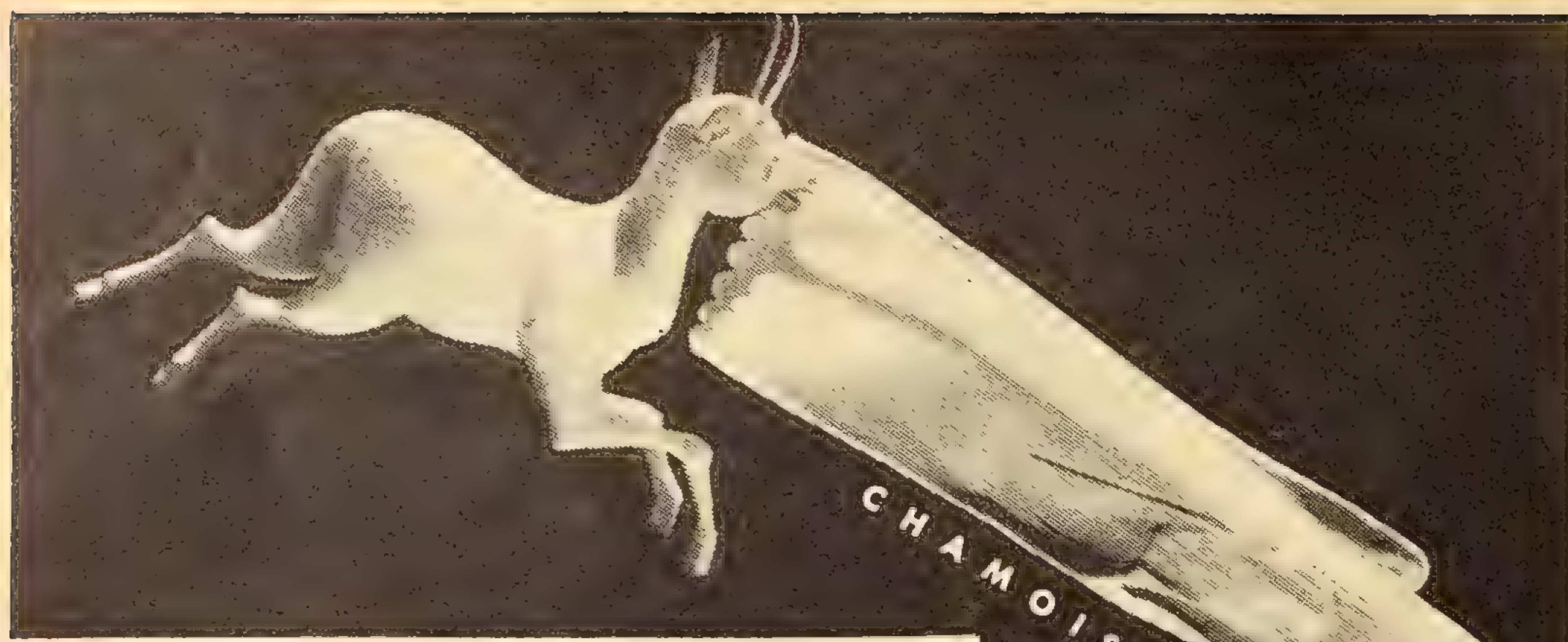
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How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is **PURE—IVORY SNOW**, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in **LUKE-WARM** water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use **IVORY SNOW** and just barely **LUKE-WARM** water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.
2. Wash gloves **INSIDE** as well as **OUTSIDE**. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.
3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely **LUKEWARM** water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*
4. **DON'T SQUEEZE** or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.
5. **DON'T** hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.
6. Soften by working onto your hands just **BEFORE** they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert



Will It Be Trousers for Women?

(Continued from page 62)

to match every one. Trousered women are no new sights in Continental cities, she points out. Marlene Dietrich wore such clothes long before she came to America. Many foreign women do, but it has never become a general style abroad, and will not here, she believes.

"Trousers for women? But no!" she shivers. "Men were intended to wear the pants in the family. Mannish trousers, coats, and vests have not the least bit of feminine appeal. Slacks, the big floppy ones, are very nice in their place, but their place is not on the street. Small people, nice feminine little creatures, look fine in slacks and gay-colored sweaters and berets, on the beach, riding bicycles, or on long motor trips.

"I, myself, started wearing slacks four years ago. I found them comfortable for use between my home and the studio—something for the great hurry one is always in these days! Now I wear them to Fox Movietone City—but never on the street, never!"

Connie and Joan Disagree

"**T**ROUSERS for women are incredible, ridiculous and absurd!" says *Constance Bennett*, whose clothes have been the envy of half the girls of America. "I can't imagine wearing such atrocities. Such a style will never please American men." The Bennett family, however, is divided on the question. *Joan Bennett*, we hear, has had two masculine-style lounge suits made.

Katharine Hepburn is among the stars who have lined up on the side of trousers for women. It is said that she has had the local tailor who has fitted Dietrich and Garbo to trousers make several pairs for her. Her overalls are the talk of the town—as they are no doubt intended to be. She refuses to be quoted on trousers, as on all other subjects, but one thing is certain—Katharine Hepburn would not choose to wear them because they were the style, or refrain from wearing them because they were unconventional. She does as she chooses without reference to the rest of the world.

Norma Shearer takes the diplomatic stand that it is all a matter of opinion. "If they are comfortable, why not?" she says. "There are certain types who can wear them, and it is entirely up to the individual. I don't feel I am the type for trousers, though I do wear slacks and have for several years. The mannish styles won't last any longer than any other vogue."

June Clyde, Wampas Baby Star, has adopted the bifurcated garment with the full approval of Thornton Freeland, her director-husband. He has even taken her to his own tailor and had a suit made for her of the same cloth and identical style as one of his own, and completed it with a smaller hat and topcoat like his own!

Not Borrowing Hubby's Ties

"**I**'VE always worn tailored clothes," says *Dorothy Mackaill*, "and I was one of the first to adopt slacks and beach pants. I'm on the beach so much that I live in clothes like that a lot of the time. But I do believe there's a place for them, and that place is either the beach or one's own home. When you see Mackaill going along the boulevard in tailored trousers, you'll know I've lost my mind—and my husband. He'd get a divorce if he had a wife borrowing his ties and cuff links. A ladylike adaptation of masculine styles to the feminine figure is all right—and certainly not a new style. But I'm for skirts, not trousers!"

Amelia Earhart, dropping in on Holly-

wood from the skies for a visit to her publisher-husband, George Putnam, who is head of the Paramount scenario department, praises Marlene Dietrich for her bravery in defying outworn conventions. "I like the new style you so courageously started," she has told Marlene. "Trousers are a practical and comfortable garment for the modern woman who leads an active life."

Mae Clarke, who has chosen a boyish haircut as best suited to her personality, is an advocate for Pants in Their Proper Places. "Which means for sports wear," explains Mae. "I've got the smartest little suit with a vest and trousers which I expect to wear at polo games and for the beach—and, yes, maybe on the streets. But no tuxedos for restaurants or theatres. Imagine an audience at a Grauman opening, all in black broadcloth suits! It would be like an undertakers' convention. Parties and social affairs should be gay and colorful, and they couldn't be with women wearing men's evening garb."

The junior member of Watson and Sons, the Hollywood tailors, reveals an interesting fact. Since it became known that Watson does Marlene Dietrich's tailoring, scores of women have visited the shop to order trousered suits, and have sent in their measurements from all over the United States with money orders. "As though we were a mail order concern!" he shrugs. "We refuse to make such suits for about half of these women. Unless we know the woman has the proper figure, and will appear well in trousers, we will not make up the order."

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 15)

no, but that long-standing feud between the platinum Harlow and the rich Howard Hughes has been settled. They step out together again, and are just THAT chummy.

IF this keeps up, the interviewers are going to have to swim the Atlantic to get an interview with the stars. The moon-pitcher darlings, while studio shakeups are in progress, are leaving Hollywood in droves for the more or less peaceful atmosphere of the Old World. Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, Helen Hayes and Charles MacArthur are already gone; so are Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks and Jimmy Gleason. Connie Bennett and her Marquis are extremely vague about the date of their return. Gary Cooper is all set for another safari into the wilds of Italy—the Countess Frasso, you know, has already departed. For awhile it DID look as if Lilian Harvey might keep Gary interested in California. She called him "the tall boy with the beautiful face." George O'Brien has a house in Naples, Constance Cummings and Jeanette MacDonald are working in London, Jean Hersholt is going to Denmark, and Ramon Novarro is departing for Paris. Boris (Menace) Karloff is now in London.

Hey—who's going to act in these here now pitchers? Mickey Mouse can't act in ALL of 'em.

WE'RE not sure what all of this is about but—Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has always been noted for her elaborate wardrobe, and Jack Oakie, who never wore anything but a sweat-shirt and a pair of wrinkled flannels, are keeping company. And Jack now steps out all tailored up like Adolphe Menjou, and Peggy wears a sweat-shirt and slacks. You'll have to draw your own moral to this. We're stumped.

(Continued on page 70)

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YOURS—without cost—my twenty-five years experience in giving thousands of women treatments for permanently destroying superfluous hair. Every package of ZIP Epilator contains it.

When you buy ZIP you are availing yourself of a product for destroying superfluous hair which millions of women have used, and which does all I claim for it. It is mild and fragrant, and ideal for face treatments. ZIP gently and quickly gets at the cause and frees you of superfluous hair.

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DEODORANT STICK

So simple now to banish every suggestion of perspiration odor. Modern attractive stick used like a lipstick. Will not irritate skin and harm clothing. 50¢.



This is by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Simply spread on and rinse off. If you have been using less improved methods you will marvel at this white, fragrant cream, as delightful as your choicest cold cream. It is the most modern and instantly removes every vestige of hair. No fear of later stubble or stimulated hair growths.

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DEW
Crystal-pure Deodorant and Non-perspirant
PREVENTS ODOR • PROTECTS CLOTHES

Instant DEW
may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

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Send me your FREE, confidential booklet.

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"King Kong"—How Did They Make It?

(Continued from page 43)

says. "Gigantic figures, to move with any semblance of reality, have to resemble some living creature or a creature that once lived. A purely imaginary beast may be described on paper, but it cannot be animated successfully. Nature knows more than we do about such things.

How Kong Was Created

THIS is the reason *Kong* was made a giant ape, instead of something more mythological. Among his companions on the island where our motion picture troupe wanders in the story are a brontosaurus, a tyrannosaurus, a pterodactyl and a reptilian-like monster that was in reality the grandfather of dragon folklore. All actually lived in prehistoric days and all were painstakingly reconstructed in exact scale—but in miniature—from duplicates of skeletons such as those exhibited in museums all over the world. Their limbs, heads and necks moved on tiny ball-bearings.

"*Kong*, himself, was constructed upon the skeleton of an ape, with each measurement greatly enlarged. His height, for example, was fifty feet. His face was seven feet from hairline to tip of chin; nose, two feet; mouth, six feet; eyes and ears, both always small in an ape, twelve inches. His teeth varied in height from four to ten inches and in circumference from seven to fourteen inches. All of the bones in his body, though exaggerated in size, were copied with great fidelity. Otherwise, he could not have moved with any realism whatsoever."

You will note that Cooper refers to *Kong* as though it were an actual living thing. So it is to him, and so it will seem to you on the screen.

As a matter of fact, there were many dozens of *Kongs* (seventy-four, to be definite), all exactly alike, but of different sizes. Most of them were just a few inches tall; only one was in the full proportions of fifty feet. This big *Kong* was in sections, appearing only once in the picture in his entirety. That is when, after having been shot down by airplanes from the top of the Empire State Building, he lies dead in the street.

How His Fingers Moved

FOR many scenes, made on miniature sets, one of the miniature *Kongs* was used. Large sections of this huge *Kong* were used from time to time, however—particularly his arm and hand, which pick up Fay Wray so often. This arm was made to the size of twenty-three feet and operated much in the manner of a crane derrick. An intricate system of wires caused the fingers to open and close. So delicate was this mechanism that Fay never once suffered injury in the monster's grasp.

Kong's head, full size, was photographed in several sequences, notably the scenes at the hotel windows and the times when he crushed the life out of humans between his huge jaws. The killing of a native when *Kong* steps on him was also done with a full-size foot and leg. The leg was lowered by unseen ropes and pulleys from above, the foot being so large as to cover the actor's body completely as it apparently crushes him into the earth.

Other than in these comparatively few scenes, *Kong* was far from the formidable figure he is in the picture. In miniature, he seemed more like a child's plaything, made of rubber and leather and covered with coarse hair. Seldom did the actors who exhibit such fright at his approach really see him. They were told by the director the approximate height at which to gaze, horrified, and composite photography took care of the rest.

There is a sequence in the picture, if you remember, that duplicates this technique in acting. Fay Wray is given a camera test by Robert Armstrong in which she is told to act terrified at an imaginary menace.

"It was the easiest scene I played," Fay will tell you, "for I had been doing little else for many months. I worked in 'King Kong' more than a year intermittently and for six months I never saw anything more than the artist's sketches of the Thing in whose grasp I pretended to struggle."

What Fay Had to Do First

THE first day of work for Fay happened to be in the tree where *Kong* places her while he battles with the tyrannosaurus that attacks him. Fay stayed in the tree for twenty-two hours while cameramen recorded her fear from a score of angles and distances with different degrees of light. All that was photographed in the long day's grind was the girl's white figure perched among the branches. The background was a solid black velvet curtain.

Then it was the job of the composite technicians to strip in the action of the fight—which, incidentally, had been staged in miniature more than eight months previously. According to Cooper, the fight was comparatively simple to photograph. "It was merely precision photography," he says, "—the individual exposure of one frame at a time. The difficult part was to get Miss Wray into the same picture. Intimate scenes were always the toughest."

Asked to name the most difficult sequence in the picture, Cooper unhesitatingly says, "The one on the cave's cliff where *Kong* pauses to examine the beautiful creature he has captured. He tears away a section of her skirt and, holding it between thumb and forefinger, looks at it in amazement.

"I can't tell you how this was done, for the secret is not mine to divulge. It belongs to Willis O'Brien and his splendid technical crew. They worked it out with seven separate composites when others had said that it was impossible. Many times O'Brien proved nothing was impossible. I cannot give him too much credit for the success of 'King Kong.'"

When you realize that only a single "frame" or individual picture can be taken at a time in animation, you will agree with Cooper in his giving O'Brien and the technical crew a major share of credit. There are sixteen "frames" to a foot of motion picture film and every time *Kong* opened and closed his jaws, two hundred and thirty-eight exposures had to be made of this action alone.

How Kong Looked "Alive"

FOR each frame, O'Brien moved portions of the ape's jaw a fraction of an inch and after photographing the position, moved the jaw again. Better results were obtained by doing this by hand than with wires or other automatic devices. But it was slow and tedious work. The fight between *Kong* and the pterodactyl on the cliff took more than seven weeks to film. Each slight movement had to be photographed separately—an operation that took infinite patience. Yet even after such battles were successfully animated, there still remained the task of stripping in human action by composite printing.

Sometimes a half-dozen different figures of *Kong* were used in the same sequence. As they were of varied sizes, the distance of the camera from the figure had to be worked out with painstaking mathematical accuracy and the backgrounds constructed accordingly. Occasionally, these little lifeless figures were laid out flat on their backs and

photographed from a stationary camera above—as cartoon figures, Mickey Mouse and others, are animated.

The uninitiated who see "King Kong" on the screen may voice a unanimous criticism of his first entrance. "The figure moves jerkily," they may say. "The later scenes are much better."

Actually, there is no difference in the animation of the first scenes from that of the last. There is, admittedly, a jerkiness that cannot be avoided, no matter how perfect the technicians' work. Your eyes, however, become accustomed to the action and you fall under the spell of the illusion. *Kong's* first entrance, for example, is made through trees and dense underbrush. This was skillfully plotted to give you an opportunity to adjust your eyes to his movements.

The same criticism may be hurled at the scenes where airplanes attack *Kong* as he stands atop the Empire State Building. The speed of the 'planes, aviators will tell you, is too great. This again is only by comparison to the ape's ponderousness.

The Empire State Building, by the way, is not a miniature, but the real thing. For this sequence, five separate pictures were taken and joined by double exposure. Motion pictures of the Empire State Building comprise the basic composite, the figure of *Kong* a second, Fay Wray in his hand a third, the airplanes a fourth and the 'plane that *Kong* dashes to earth a fifth. Other scenes in New York were similarly composited, all excellent examples of the perfection of this new art of trick photography.

The history of "King Kong" is not complete without mention of the sound recording. There was no scientific data available as to the cries of prehistoric mammals. So again inventive genius had to be called upon.

Murray Spivack, head of RKO's sound effects department, acting upon the advice of paleontologists (biologists who specialize in prehistoric data), created some forty sound-making instruments for the hisses the authorities believed dinosauria may have uttered. But synchronized with the appearance of the huge monsters, the noises were slightly effeminate. "There is no menace," said Spivack, and tried another tack.

How Beasts' Cries Were Made

HE forced air by pressure through a series of pipes and recorded the hiss, then re-recorded it at sub-normal speed. This made the sound an octave lower and gave a definite note of terror.

For the arsinotherium, the giant beast that *Kong* kills in the jungle by tearing its jaws apart, the sound expert again used compressed air, blowing it through a vox humana pipe from an old organ. Despite the slowing-up process, the sound was recognizable as something heard before. So Spivack calmly reversed the sound track and got a groan, the like of which human ears had never heard before.

His success in this gave him the secret of vocalizing the other monsters. Their cries are respectively the growls of cougars, leopards and lions run backward. The screams of the bull gorilla reversed did very well for *Kong* in his milder moments, but when you are told what Spivack invented for the great ape's battle-cry, you may doubt the truth. It is nothing more or less than the familiar "raspberry" or "Bronx Cheer" re-recorded backward!

There are many details about the production of "King Kong" that are not available at present for publication—and in fact, may never be available. For whenever you ask Merian C. Cooper or his associates a question that trespasses on their secret processes, they invariably reply, "It was all done with mirrors."

And the funny part of it is that, after seeing the picture, you are willing to believe anything . . . even the mirror gag.



When fighting colds make \$1 equal \$3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or \$1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

THIS is no time to waste money! It's no time to neglect health! Be safe and fight colds with Pepsodent Antiseptic as millions are doing. After all, it's just plain, simple arithmetic that makes people change to Pepsodent.

\$1 does the work of \$3

Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics . . . hence it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money and gives you extra protection against colds and throat irritations. For protection against germs associated with common ills, remember there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe even if used full strength, yet powerful

enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs within 10 seconds.*

It is bad enough to have germs in your mouth *before* you gargle . . . it's worse to have germs in your mouth *after* you gargle . . . so choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be safe!

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
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Now She Attracts ... without

Attracting Attention!

WOMEN welcomed her. Men were polite... but among themselves, they talked about her as "the girl with those painted lips!"... Finally, by chance, she tried a new kind of lipstick that made her lips beautiful with natural color... yet never conspicuous with a painted look!

A lipstick that's different

Probably you'll say you don't have a painted look. Yet any ordinary lipstick coats the lips with paint. So switch to Tangee. For Tangee brings out the natural color of your lips... yet never paints them!

Tangee *isn't* paint. It's different. In the stick, it's orange. On your lips, it is the natural shade of blush rose perfect for your complexion! See special offer below.

Use Tangee for alluring lips... glowing with natural color the whole day through! Sold at drug stores and cosmetic counters.



New Refillable Rouge Compact

Tangee Rouge, too, changes to your natural shade *instantly*. It blends beautifully... heightens natural coloring... never makes cheeks look painted. Comes in refillable compact. Buy Tangee Rouge Refill at a saving! Fits compact perfectly.

New!
SMALL SIZE 39¢
TANGEE LIPSTICK



★ SPECIAL 10c OFFER!

The George W. Luft Co., Inc.
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MP-5

Rush Miracle Make-up Set containing miniature Tangee Lipstick and Rouge. Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin).

Name _____

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"If I Were Roosevelt —"

(Continued from page 30)

Author Anticipated Events

"GABRIEL Over the White House" appeared in book form some months previous to the time Roosevelt took office. With the exception of the march upon the Capitol of an army of unemployed and a bank holiday, not a single incident has any basis in fact. The whole plot is hypothetical and satirical. Yet by a very strange set of circumstances, the filming of "Gabriel" anticipated, sometimes by only a day, the newspaper headlines.

The film's cast was appalled to be confronted by the news of the attempt to assassinate Roosevelt, on the same day they had enacted a scene of identical import. The naval sequence, in which the pitiful lack of strength of the U. S. fleet against bombing planes is demonstrated, preceded the announcement of Roosevelt's strong naval policy by less than a week. Countless other parallels occurred in the actual moves of our President and those of the fictional President depicted in the film.

It is impossible to give any explanation for this odd situation. Some clarity might be gained from the knowledge of the identity of the author. But his anonymity has been closely guarded. Several guesses have brought forth the names of Samuel Blythe and Samuel Hopkins Adams, among others. Then the publishers further obscured the issue by announcing that "Gabriel's" author was "an Englishman as well known on London's Downing Street as on Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue."

Doubtless the studio knows, though it refuses to tell, to whom it paid royalties. There occurs, however, in Carey Wilson's screen play, a marginal note that may be a possible lead as to the original author. This note says, "A series of quick, hysterical cuts are to be prepared from *Mr. Hopkins' gags*." An investigation failed to reveal a "Mr. Hopkins" on the lot. Can it be that this mysterious Hopkins wrote "Gabriel Over the White House?" Whoever the author is, there is no doubt that he is a keen student of politics. His satire is tinged with bitterness, containing the while some solutions to current national difficulties that are even now in the making by Roosevelt.

Would Abandon All Secrecy

"PRESIDENT Jud Hammond was hit on the head," Huston reminds us. "President Roosevelt doesn't need to be. He is thinking as clearly now as Hammond did with the Divine aid of the Messenger Gabriel. And just as clearly as he thinks, does he speak his mind."

"It is a great thing for public morale when a President abandons all secrecy—and tells the people by radio and through the press just what the government is doing. Too long have conferences been held behind locked doors, with the news of what went on rigidly censored for public consumption. Hammond in the picture overthrows precedent by broadcasting every word of his meeting with foreign diplomats regarding the cancellation of war debts. The world is allowed to hear, not a prepared speech, but the whole of the negotiations. If I were Roosevelt, I would establish the same radical policy against secrecy in all governmental affairs."

"What this country needs is a leader, a man with the personality to say 'Come' so that the masses will follow with enthusiasm—with confidence. I believe Roosevelt is such a man. He has yet to exhibit indecisiveness. He has inherited a load of problems, but he does not make them confusing by political phraseology. He seems to realize

that by plain speaking and forthright action he can banish the fear that has shaken American business confidence. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with America. All that we need is someone to lead us out of the despondency we have learned to call depression."

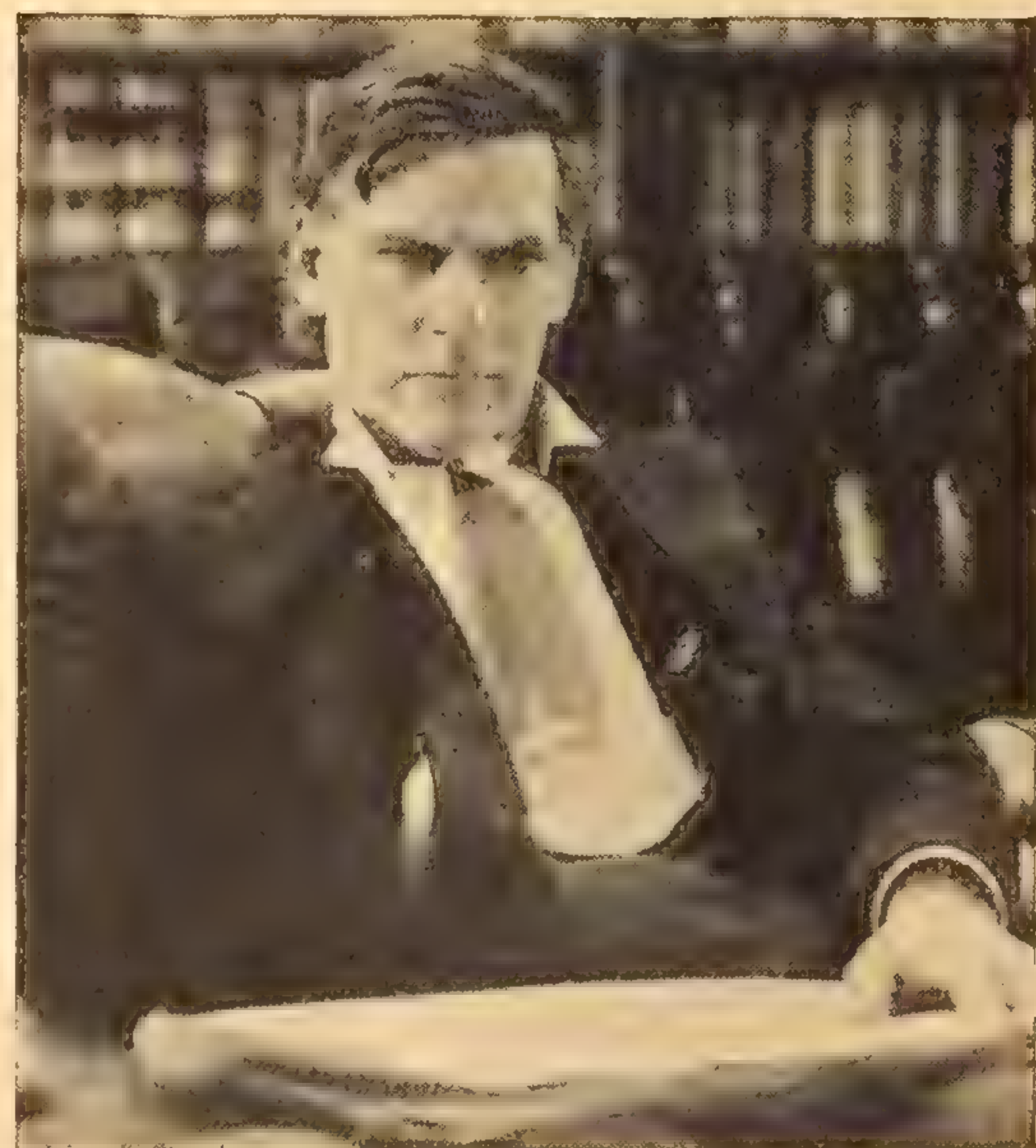
"In the picture, President Hammond attacks the unemployment question by mobilizing the Army of Unemployed. He admits what everyone knows—that tons of food are rotting in warehouses while millions of people go hungry. He asks, 'What's to prevent us from putting the wasting food into the mouths of the hungry, even though it means building one less battleship this year?'"

What About the Unemployed?

"THE unemployed march on Washington and the President refuses to declare war on them—to call out the army against the people of the United States. He meets them fearlessly—in person—against the advice of his counselors. He talks to them, telling them that he wishes to put picks and shovels in their hands, as fifteen years ago the government gave them guns and bayonets. He knows they would rather engage in a public work than accept public charity."

"He creates an Army of Construction, under military discipline, receiving food, clothes and housing, as did wartime armies. And with army rates of pay. He sends this army into industrial enterprises—doing everything from baking bread to building dams. Not a dollar of profit accrues to any individual. Then as the wheels of industry, stimulated by these efforts, begin to turn, the men are retired from the Army of Construction into different private enterprises as rapidly as industry can conveniently absorb them."

"The scheme may seem slightly visionary, as Technocracy and other known plans are visionary. Yet if I were Roosevelt, I would seriously consider a practical application of a similar idea. And Roosevelt does have plans somewhat along these very identical lines."



Walter Huston has no time for formality in "Gabriel Over the White House"

"Dictatorship is an ugly word. It defies the traditions of the democracy upon which the United States of America was founded. But the President does not have to become a dictator to exercise some of the now-nearly-forgotten rights given him by the Constitution. He can, for example, declare the country under Martial Law."

Wiping Out the Gangsters

"HAMMOND does just that. And by organizing a mobile unit of the U. S. Army under the title of Federal Police, he cleans out the gangsters. He finds that bootleggers still operate even after the legalizing of liquor—that racketeers continue to terrorize the land with their extortion threats—that criminals and murderers, whose records are on file in every police station throughout the land, walk the streets as free men because courts of justice are hampered by legal technicalities. So, he serves warning before sending his Federal Police into action.

"Habitual offenders against law and order are dealt with summarily. If found guilty when brought before quick, but just, court martials, they face the firing squad. Crime is reduced to normal almost overnight. If I were Roosevelt, I would adopt this plan *in toto*. Why should we support public enemies in comfortable prisons or allow them to go free, just because of false sympathy? They have no sympathy for us, shooting and killing at will. We should be equally ruthless until this malignant, cancerous growth is destroyed.

"Hammond, in the book, prohibits the manufacture of bullets, thereby robbing a few men of their pleasure in hunting wild animals. But the saving of human life is a greater benefit.

"There are many matters with which the book deals that were omitted, in the name of entertainment, from the screen transcription. A high protective tariff and a sales tax are briefly mentioned, the latter under the theory that if you can afford to buy an article for one dollar, you can afford to buy it for a dollar and two cents—providing there are no other Federal taxes to pay. Perhaps the excise tax that President Roosevelt is quoted as favoring is preferable and the tariff should take into consideration American export and import needs.

Can There Be Disarmament?

"PERHAPS, too, the disarmament display that climaxes our picture and brings about a satisfactory solution to the payment of foreign war debts is better drama than it is government—human nature being as quarrelsome as it is and preparedness a protection for peace. If I were Roosevelt, I would know the answers in every detail. As I am merely an actor of Presidential characters and not a real President, I would rather leave these questions to a man who has made a sincere study of them.

"In one of the best speeches in the picture, Hammond says, 'I propose to reduce materially the cost of running the government. We are spending too much money for the most expensive article of merchandise in America to-day—red tape. We use millions of yards of red tape a year—at thousands of dollars a yard. Well, Uncle Sam isn't going to buy any more.'

"Apparently, President Roosevelt has the same idea. In his campaign, he pledged himself to a twenty-five per cent reduction of governmental expenses. He has already started to balance the budget to that extent. And it is up to every American among us to aid him.

"This is not a time for party politics. America must forget political party lines just as they were forgotten in the Roosevelt landslide. To-day is a day of collective effort when we must think in the terms of tomorrow instead of yesterday.

"The job the President faces to-day is not an easy one. Yet he has approached his tasks—and there are none greater—with a contagious optimism, with the strength, power and courage to solve them.

"Still, I do not envy him. In fact, if I were Roosevelt, I believe I would rather be someone else."

Women revolt against washing dirty handkerchiefs!

KLEENEX

brings release
from this hated
task! Soft tissues
are used once and
destroyed!

Now 25c



Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

MADAM, are you still washing dirty handkerchiefs? It's so unnecessary! Thousands of women let Kleenex end this hated task—why don't you?

For 25 cents—the cost of one linen handkerchief—Kleenex brings you dozens of handkerchief-size tissues, to be simply destroyed after use.

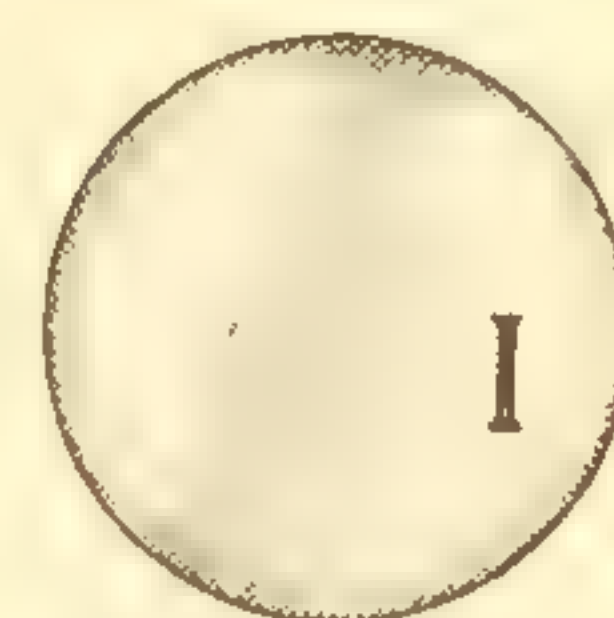
Kleenex in many forms

Kleenex is available in rolls and packages at 25 cents; and in extra-size tissues, three times usual size.

You'll find Kleenex a great comfort during colds. The tissues are of softest rayon-cellulose. They are very soothing to tender, inflamed skin.

And here's a great health factor. During colds, Kleenex does not infect hands and pockets as does a handkerchief, from whose fibers germs are dis-

How Kleenex prevents spread of germs



Linen fiber, highly magnified, from germ-infected handkerchief. Most germs have been dislodged—showing how handkerchiefs spread colds.



This Kleenex fiber defied all attempts to dislodge germs. Thus Kleenex cannot reinfect the user or spread infection to others.

lodged fifteen times more readily than from Kleenex. Remember that.

Ideal for children

Kleenex is the ideal handkerchief for children, who need especially this protection from colds. Teachers appreciate its use in the schoolroom.

Try 'Kerfs, too—smartly bordered handkerchiefs of tissue. At any drug, dry goods or department store.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES



CORN PAIN STOPS AT ONCE!

CORN GONE IN 3 DAYS

THIS SAFE SCIENTIFIC WAY

- Here is the safe, scientific method for removing corns, the method that has given quick, sure relief to millions of corn sufferers for 35 years.
- It is Blue-Jay—on sale at druggists' everywhere. There is no reason whatever why anybody should suffer corn pain. No reason why they should risk infection by cutting corns, a method which gives temporary relief at best, and may lead to disfigured, unsightly feet.
- Blue-Jay Corn Remover is so quick, so simple—gentle yet sure. It is the invention of a famous chemist. It is made by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.
- Don't risk unscientific remedies. Play safe. *When a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay.*

At all druggists'—25c
Special sizes for bunions and calluses



HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

1 SOAK FOOT
ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2 APPLY BLUE-JAY,
centering the pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS

A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn.

B is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.

C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3 AFTER THREE DAYS, remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out corn. (Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.)

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

FREE
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LET

"For Better Feet"—Free Booklet contains very helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Mail coupon to Bauer & Black, 2500 South Dearborn Street, Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage)

Name _____ MC-5

Street _____

City & State _____

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 65)

HONESTLY, something should be done to compel these ladies with glamorous reputations to live up to 'em when they come to Hollywood. We're downright mad at Mae West and Peggy Joyce. Mae's sensational utterances used to brighten the lives of New York newspaper men, but out here she weighs every utterance like the president of some select women's college. And Peggy—she doesn't wear her diamonds. She doesn't even go around with millionaires, although, of course, that may not be her fault. Where would she find a millionaire? Lilian Harvey is the one bright star in a murky horizon. Now there's a girl who is a help to the papers and magazines. She says she isn't married to Willy Fritsch, and German fans say she is married to Willy Fritsch. She has Chevalier, Ernst Lubitsch and Gary Cooper guessing. She wears enough diamonds with sport clothes to stock Cartier's display window, and she has a racing car that is the biggest thing since "Ben-Hur." And, of all things, she uses ermine tails for lampshade trimmings. Even Lil Tashman, and her ermine chairs, didn't think of that. We hope La Harvey sticks around a long time and doesn't run out of ideas. Happy Bank Holiday, Lilian!

IN the springtime a young man's fancy tra-la-la—but Hollywood was a bit startled to discover that Buster Keaton's fancy had drifted as far as matrimony. For one thing, the movie village, being incurably romantic, thought the frozen-faced comic was still in love with his ex-wife, the former Natalie Talmadge. For another thing, and THIS is rather important if you're fussy about such things, Buster can't marry legally for months AND months. But he did. He married his trained nurse (practically no one even knew he had such a thing) and started out in that land yacht of his for the Mexican border.

Maybe it would be a good investment for matrimony habitues to buy an island somewhere. There they could live in wedded bliss while their divorces are becoming final. Helene Costello, married to a wealthy Cuban, might chip in, too. As far as the U. S. A. is concerned, she is Mrs. Lowell Sherman until come Maytime.

THE "Dietrich" party given by the Frank Morgans didn't turn out to be an unqualified success, at least as far as the costume business went. The lady guests were to appear in trousers and such one-time manly haberdashery. Constance Cummings, Una Merkel and Carmelita Geraghty kept faith with the instructions—and didn't look very comfortable. The rest of the good Hollywood ladies wore those quaint curiosities, dresses.

Someone has a solution for the Dietrich vogue. He says Marlene will quit wearing the things when a reference is made to her as "that girl with the shiny seat."

THERE'S a swell new filling station in Hollywood—it's almost too swanky to be called a speakeasy. And some of the very BEST people are there almost any time you drop in—providing, of course, that you can get in. The er-ah "soda-pop" is six bits a guzzle, and after you order twice the house stands treat for a third, for those who are still able to cope with a third. The real *piece de resistance* is a baritone with a sob in his voice. You should just see what he does to the customers when he sings "A Little Home For The Old Folks" along about two A. M. "East Lynne" didn't do any better—even in its palmiest days.

George Raft Answers Twenty Pointed Questions

(Continued from page 23)

12. Were you asked to use your influence in behalf of Al Capone?

When I was in Chicago, a group of men called on me and asked that I visit the late Mayor Cermak and plead for his aid toward Capone's release.

I did not go to the Mayor. After all, he could do nothing. The United States Government arrested and convicted Capone.

13. Were you ever a gigolo?

No. I was a taxi-dancer in a New York café at the same time Valentine occupied a similar position.

The difference between gigolo and taxi-dancer is marked. The former is paid by a woman or women for his body. The latter is paid for his services as a dance partner.

14. Is your underwear made to order?

Yes. Tailors fit it to my body. Such garments are much more comfortable.

15. Do you wear pajamas in bed?

No. I sleep in *puris naturalibus*. That means naked.

16. Is it true you did eight shows daily on your personal-appearance tour?

Eight shows most days. Some days I did ten shows. Those were the days I played two or more benefit performances.

The work was so grueling that I lost fourteen pounds in three weeks. The day before Christmas I broke down, and I spent Christmas Day in bed. I had to stop over in Chicago in order to regain the strength to travel to California.

The laugh is: I went East for a rest!

17. Why do you hate to be alone?

That is my phobia. Why do some humans dread being left in a closed room? Why do others fear high places?

I go crazy when I'm alone. I won't even attend a theatre or picture show without a companion.

18. Do you ever drink liquor?

I do not drink liquor or coffee. I have never drunk either, except for the initial tastes that convinced me I don't like their tastes.

19. How true is the report that you cannot sleep nights?

I rarely go to bed before three or four o'clock in the morning. Many years of night-life in New York brought about this uncomfortable illness.

The only way I can sleep at night, when I am working on a picture, is to stay out of bed for thirty-six hours prior to the start of production. That causes such a state of exhaustion that I must sleep.

But, invariably, when I am refreshed—that is, caught up on sleep—I revert to the early morning hours.

20. What amazing thing happened to you on your personal-appearance tour?

Members of audiences in a Brooklyn theatre threw gifts and roses on the stage. A beautiful bathrobe and a fine wallet were among the presents thrown to me.

This is a common custom in Europe, but I am told it has never before happened in America.

The gifts and flowers came from men and women. I was extremely embarrassed, particularly because of the roses.

Next month another big questions-and-answers surprise is in store for you—with a fiery feminine star welcoming a chance to speak her mind!

AN AMAZING OFFER!



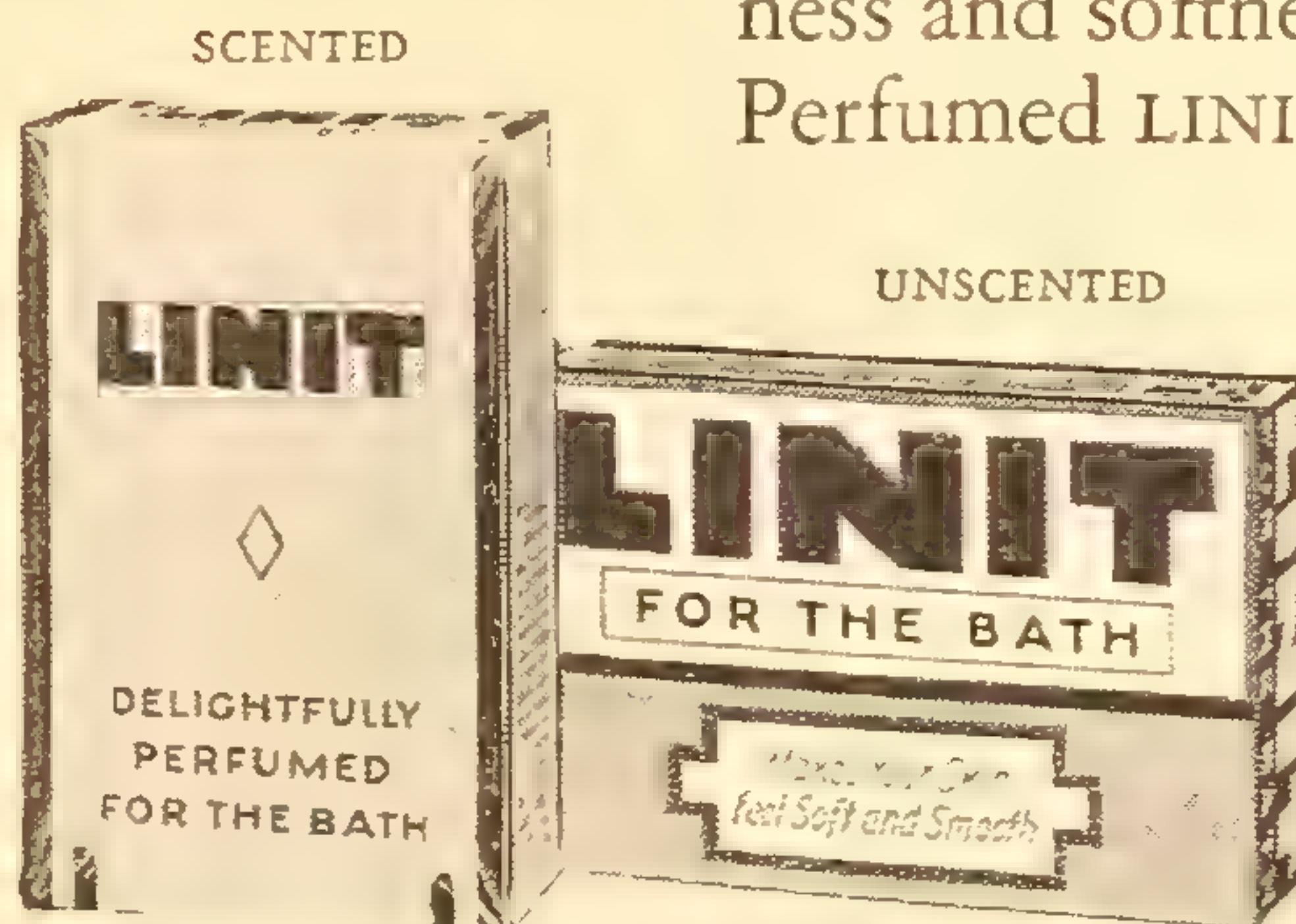
Did you get YOURS yet?

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

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Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.



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There is no wave like the Eugene wave

Don't think that all permanents are alike. They're not. Don't think that any permanent wave will do. It won't. It's well worth your while to select a shop that does genuine Eugene permanent waving—with genuine Eugene Sachets.



EMINENTLY VICTORIAN

...a wave in her hair
and curls, curls, curls

Miss 1933 wears a hat that's up in the back in a manner pre-eminently Victorian. Her hair shows. Therefore the great need of permanent waves, and curls, by Eugene. For the Eugene Method gently imparts the required natural, yet lasting, undulations . . . and easily handles your shortest hair to produce the flattering face-and-neck curls of the mode.

New and patented 1933 improvements, exclusively used by shops that do genuine Eugene Waving, assure you of the correct wave, the way you want it—with curls that are as permanent as the wave itself.

Insist on getting the genuine Eugene Wave and Curls. Look for the Eugene Trade Mark figure on each sachet or waving wrapper that is applied to your hair. Eugene, Ltd. . . New York · London · Paris · Berlin · Barcelona · Sydney

Eugene permanent waves

Jimmy Durante Bares His Marriage Secrets

(Continued from page 52)

easily do, for she is a most charming, attractive woman—she has managed to hide the yearning completely.

But I'm getting away from my story:

How His Romance Began

"FOIST time I seez me wife, she uz singin' inna New Yerk honky-tonk," says Jimmy. "I was playin' pianner att'a ol' Alamo Teater an' one day I hadda 'company a doll named Jeanné Olson. Atta end of a chorus she mutters, 'Jeez, yer a lousy piannerst.' An' I comes back, 'How can yuh tell, wit' all 'at nerse comin' outa yer mout?' An' she says, 'Oh, yeah? Come out from behin' whatever's in front of yuh an' lemme see what yuh look like.' Well, att'a crack makes me sore, 'cause I ain't behin' nottin'. 'At's me schnozzle. So I says, 'Jus' for dat I'll marry yuh.' An' I did."

"We been married ever since. We gotta tied right after de Woil' War, butta don't seem no longer 'an since de Civil War ta me."

Of course, you realize that Durante is really kidding; he can't be serious for a moment, even about his wife, whom he adores. Fortunately, she is a woman of sound common sense, and she knows that her husband's clowning is a part of his stock-in-trade, and that she must put up with merciless kidding.

In addition to being sensible, Mrs. Durante has her own keen wit. I asked her if she minded Jimmy's remarks. "Not publicly," she answered. "If he says something I do not like, I catch him at home."

"Yuh wanta know how me anna missus stays married, even in Hollywood? Cinch. We jus' don't t'ink about divorce. Divorce ain't nottin' but broad jumpin'—jumpin' from one broad tuh anudder. I ain't no attalete; I don't know nottin' abouta jumpin'."

A One-Woman Man

"FUDDERMORE, I ain't innerest in no dames. I wouldn't turn me head a see de Queen o' Sheba pass—not if me wife is wit' me. Dames jus' don't innerest me."

We were seated at a luncheon table, and a waitress chose this moment to request our orders.

"Chicken soup," said Durante, "an' a . . ." Joan Crawford passed and he eyed her longingly before he sighed and resumed his order: "Chicken soup," he repeated, "an' a . . ." Jean Harlow swished by, a vision in skin-tight coral satin, and again the Durante eyes popped, only to return eventually to the menu. "Chicken soup," he began, but the waitress yelled, "For Gossakel! That's three bowls of chicken soup. Whatcha gonna do—swim?"

Jimmy appeased her with a tip before he continued his story:

"Naw, dames don't innerest me. I don't go for 'em. Take Garbo. Looka how she went onna make fer me! Askin' me tuh go tuh Yurrop wit' her! Tch. Tch. But does I go? Not me—I loves me home. Besides, when I tells a missus I gotta go tuh Sweden tuh see a sick frien', she screams, 'Greata Godda.' I t'ink she says Greta Garbo an' is wise, see?"

"Me an' me problem unnerstan's each udder—anyways, she unnerstan's me. F'in-stance, she takes me pay-check an' gives me a 'lowance an' by a time I pays fer me lunches, dere ain't nottin' left for de dames."

"One reason me marriage lasts is 'at I use da ol' noodle. One night I comes home wit'out me trunks. When I finds she is wise, whatta I do? HHhaaahhHH! I looks at meself, indiganut, mortified, an' screams,

'I been robba!' An' she don't know no diff'runt, see?

Gives His "Set of Rules"

"I GOT me a setta rules fer happy marriages. Like a hear 'em? Here's me rules:

(1) "Don't never take outta wife an' goil frien' atta same time.

(2) "Keep 'at li'l ol' address book hidda.

(3) "If a wife's relatives wanta live wit' yuh, say 'Yessa'—if your ownna, say 'Naw.'

(4) "If a missus finda lipstick on yer hannerchief, alluz boin up an' shout, 'How'd 'at get dere?'

(5) "On yer night out wit' da boys, don't come a home blowin' yer schnozzle onna silk stockin'.

(6) "If yuh anna missus quarrels, comp'omise an' give inna her. Take her baloney wit' some salt an' say nottin'.

(7) "If yuh gotta goil frien', don't never say it wit' ink.

(8) "Remember, a sock in her pan is woit' two in yer puss.

"Nudder t'ing: I always laughs at me missus' jokes. When we foist comes tuh Hollywood, I ain't seena sun in years, 'counta I'm a night-boid in New Yerk, see? Well, me squaw goes 'rounda sayin' a foist mornin' I wakes an' seesa sun trew a winnow, I races inner hall, screamin' 'Fire! Fire!' I didn't do it, but I humors her an' laughs, 'counta she t'inks it's funny, see?

"Me missus picks alla clothes fer me, an' yuh can see what swell taste a she's gotta. She buys me dis white tie wit' red dots, an' 'em green sox. She gimme dissa poiple an' yellor sweater, too. She says, 'I ain't takin' no chances of dese Hollywood dames, givin' yuh de eye—I'm fixin' yuh so yuh'll blin' 'em'.

"Nudder t'ing 'at's kept us married is 'at me missus is alluz nice to de dames 'at goes fer me. One nighta I'm playin' pianner atta party an' some dames is stan'in' dere givin' me de ups an' downs, an' me wife comes in an' says, polite like a, 'Beat it, you wenchies.' She don't t'row nottin' or sock nobody. Unnerstan'? Jus' a lady, me missus.

The Chief Advice of All

"SO yuh see, it ain't harda stay married in Hollywood. All yuh gotta do is get hitcha to a woman like a mine—an' 'en try an' get loosa. Jussa try!

"Butta one t'ing about married life is, don't fall fer de dames. Dey don't mean nottin' to me no more."

At this precise moment, ladies and gentlemen, Durante's story came to an abrupt end. A dazzling, unattached blonde walked by our table and smiled. Jimmy's eyes popped.

"I jus' remem'er," he said hurriedly, "that I gotta see a fella 'bout a cow. I can't drink a milk dey're servin' at dese Hollywood parties." Then he leaned closer and whispered, "Yuh don't minda grabbin' a check, do yuh, pal? I may be needin' to-day's lunch dough, see?"

And the eyes of Hollywood's happiest married man focused on the fluffy curls of the departing blonde. The nose followed the eyes, and of course Durante followed the nose, for he is an example of a body attached to a nose; not a nose attached to a body.

Now that I have lost Jimmy, permit me to dwell briefly with that lovely lady, Mrs. Durante. She is a clever woman who is content to remain in the background, where she quietly graces his table, makes his home comfortable—and laughs at his jokes. She never intrudes into Jimmy's business; in fact, she has visited his studio only once in six months.

The longer I think about her, the more certain I become that despite her husband's "rules for happy marriage," Mrs. Durante is at least equally responsible for the success of their home. She is an intelligent, patient woman, is Mrs. Durante; she would have to be, to put up with such stories as this.

Just as likely to offend —the girl who says: "I never perspire"



OTHERS NOTICE IT

Don't trust yourself . . . underthings can absorb up to 30% of their weight in perspiration without feeling damp. The odor is noticeable to others even when you aren't aware of it.

All healthy people perspire . . . frequently over a quart a day . . . though many never feel sticky—

Second-day underthings are NEVER safe

GIRLS who say "I don't perspire" fool themselves. But they never fool others.

We all perspire—frequently over a quart a day, even though we don't feel sticky. Perspiration odor is bound to cling to underthings.

That's why dainty girls play safe, avoid all chance of offending.

They take this simple precaution—wash underthings in Lux after every wearing.

Lux takes away every bit of odor—keeps the harmful substances in perspiration from wearing out silk. It takes only four minutes, or less.

Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali that weakens silk and fades colors. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Mrs. E. M. Schellenger says: "With one box of LUX I washed 330 items

48 pairs stockings and socks	47 napkins, doilies
12 pieces silk lingerie	34 towels, wash-cloths, bibs
62 child's undies	9 child's rompers, sweaters, cap
83 diapers, pads, blankets	35 handkerchiefs
and did the dishes 21 times for six people"	

LUX underthings after each wearing Removes odor . . . Saves colors



Feminine hygiene



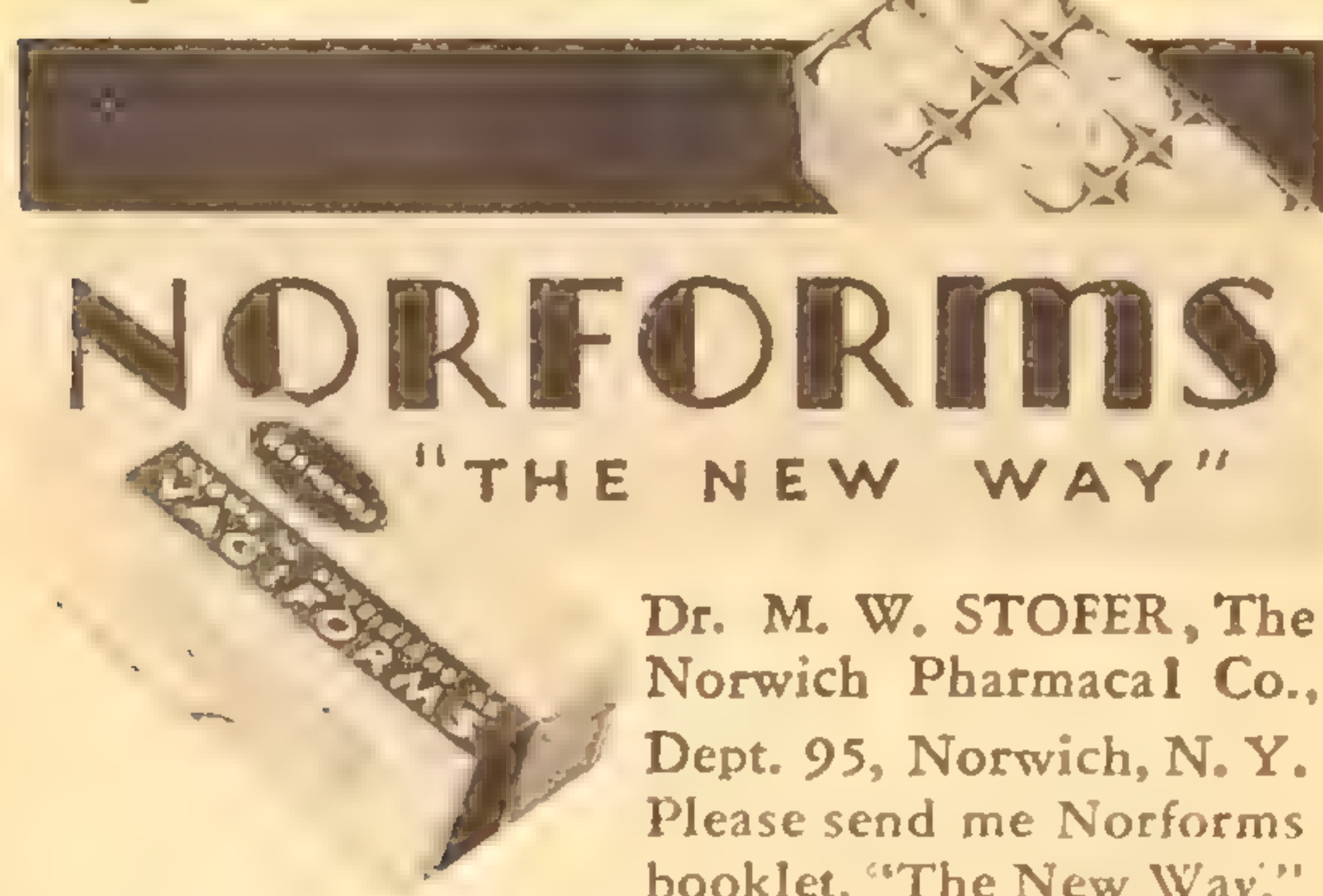
Women who dread uncertainty in personal hygiene, welcome Norforms.

Norforms are the tested formula of a nationally known pharmaceutical house...makers of such famous products as *Unguentine* and *Amolin*.

Their use requires no mixing of strong chemicals—no awkward or embarrassing apparatus for application—no unpleasant after-odors.

Norforms are slim, convenient suppositories, ready for use. They contain *Parahydrecin*, a positive antiseptic with the unique feature of being soothing to delicate inner membranes. Norforms are the simple, safe, easy way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms come 12 or 3 in a box. Ask your druggist. Or, mail coupon below at once.



Dr. M. W. STOFER, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. 95, Norwich, N. Y. Please send me Norforms booklet, "The New Way."

Name _____

Address _____

Who's Who on Hollywood's Honor List

(Continued from page 25)

He's a Doctor of Philosophy

GEORGE ARLISS has an *honorary Ph.D.* from Columbia University and also a *medal for excellence in diction* from the Academy of Arts and Sciences. And don't be surprised if he should also get *knighthood* from King George one of these days.

Named after C. B. De Mille, the director, is *De Mille Street* in Hollywood. And after his picture, "King of Kings," appeared, he was made a *member of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre*, of the Greek Orthodox Church. That's a variety of honors! There are others, too many to list, from all over the world.

Constance Bennett can wear *The Distinguished Service Medal* because of her services in behalf of the American Legion's Welfare and Relief Fund. Her sister, Joan, is an *honorary colonel*.

A group of fans in Japan just christened Gary Cooper "*Sweetheart of the World*," and not to be out-done, Roland Young tells us that he is known everywhere as "*the Darling of the Aurora Borealis*." Aw, now, Roland!

In Durango, Mexico, is *Novarro Square*, christened, of course, in honor of your old friend Ramon; and right near Hollywood we have the *Beery Flying Field*, named after Wally.

Charles Farrell is the *honorary mayor* of his home town, Onset, Mass., and they gave him a *gold wrist watch* in addition. In fact, if option time came around and the studios proved neglectful, the stars of Hollywood could live for quite awhile on their honors!

Tom Brown, the up-and-coming juvenile, has a *sword and spurs* given him by the Culver Military Academy, where he went on location for "Tom Brown of Culver," and Ken Maynard has won dozens of *silver buckles* for trick riding.

Charlie Chaplin is the first movie star to receive the *ribbon of the Legion of Honor*. Jeanette MacDonald has just been awarded *The Order of the Belgian Griffon*. Funnyman El Brendel was made a *citizen of Minneapolis*, the home of thousands of Swedish-Americans who evidently didn't know Brendel's accent is just a stage prop. Richard Dix was *adopted by an Indian tribe* after he made "The Vanishing American."

Color Named After Marion

A CERTAIN color, a shade of powder blue, is called *Marion Davies blue*. She wears it often. Marion is also an *honorary colonel* of the Twenty-Sixth Infantry. Hairdressers the world over have called the *long bob* after the gal who started it all—Greta Garbo. And women who wear trousers are said to be following the *Dietrich vogue*.

Gloria Stuart is not only a *Wampas Baby* star, but also was chosen official *Pitt Mascot* for the East-West gridiron classic between U. S. C. and Pittsburgh last New Year's. (Not her fault her team didn't do better!) Since this magazine has already, in a previous issue, told you about the Baby Stars, we won't list their names again.

James Gleason doesn't know whether he was honored or not when a woman who had appreciated his tough-guy performances told him she thought it was wonderful that

he, an uneducated man, had worked up to be an actor. And offered to teach him the English language as it should be spoke!

Buster Keaton, who retired to his famous "land-yacht" after parting from Natalie Talmadge, was made an *Admiral of the State of Nebraska* in an official-looking document that charges all seamen, tadpoles, and goldfish under his command to be obedient to his commands. . . . Which proves, anyway, that the State of Nebraska has a sense of humor!

Joan Blondell was more seriously honored by the State of California, when she was presented a *special passport* asking other states and countries to extend her every courtesy. Conrad Nagel is the only actor to have been elected *President of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences*, and Fredric March was also honored at home when they made him *President of the Mayfair Club*.

Will Even Boomed for President

WILL ROGERS has too many honors to remember, having *met and kidded all the recent Presidents*, most of the *remaining royalty*, and having been elected *Mayor of Beverly Hills*. Hollywood sponsored his *nomination for President* and at the Democratic National Convention the delegation from his home state, Oklahoma, gave him their vote before turning to Roosevelt. In addition, Will has been an *Ambassador-at-large*.

Besides, there are the honors that the stars don't find so welcome. Charity organizations have a way of asking stars to perform at benefits, and although actors give more of their time and money to charity than any other group of wage-earners, the demands are so frequent as to prove embarrassing.

Then there are the Ladies' Clubs that expect their favorite star to perform at their annual luncheon—purely for the fun of it, of course, and for the lunch. "But don't you love entertaining?" they demand reproachfully when the star explains that singing a song is his way of making a living. He wouldn't get far if he started *giving* it away!

Hollywood Boulevard honored every star in Hollywood last Christmas, but the honor, in some cases, was a bit doubtful. In place of the street lamps, huge colored photographs of film celebrities stared at you from the tops of lamp posts, each picture surrounded by an electrically lighted wreath. Some of the pictures were hardly—er—complimentary. And a lot of tourists who found themselves confronted with larger-than-life-size reproductions, highly-tinted, of their favorites, where the street lights should have been, went away so confused by the whole thing that it's doubtful if they'll ever enter a movie theatre again. They might see lamp-posts instead of actors!

Most of the honors are welcome, however. (Though someone should have warned the group of Argentines who nominated Neil Hamilton "*The Man with the Perfect Face*" that Neil is, after all, just a shy chap trying to get along!) Even Tom Mix's horse, Tony, has had his share of honors, having been presented to the Mayors of most American cities and once formally introduced to the Prince of Wales!

Did You Know That—

When the recent earthquake hit Southern California, movie studios rushed powerful Klieg lights to the stricken areas—thus speeding the search for the injured?

The lights on the "Peg O' My Heart" set went out—and that the players found their way out of the inky, trembling darkness by striking matches, with no panic in evidence?

The players on the "Dead on Arrival" set involuntarily cried "Earthquake!" and rushed for the doors—and that now they're hoping to work this scene into the story, somehow?

Clark Gable Sizes Up Clark Gable

(Continued from page 34)

to figure out, Gable was compared to Valentino. Combine all these mystifying details with an enormous amount of publicity, and you'll get the answer to that sudden 'sky-rocketing'!"

(There is just one little thing you have forgotten, Clark, and that is that indefinable thing called "camera personality," which made you stand out in a background more than many "publicized" stars have ever registered in a close-up!)

His Peak and His Low Point

"OF course, I was a little bit dizzy—especially as I continued to play more or less minor rôles in the three pictures following. In 'The Secret Six,' 'The Finger Points' with Barthelmess, and 'Night Nurse,' I had third, or fourth, billing! You can imagine my surprise in picking up the movie magazines and reading that I was a 'sensation'!"

"In the year following, the good old Gable stock maintained a level of 'sensationalism.' I think it reached its peak in 'A Free Soul' with Norma Shearer, and maintained a pretty steady line with 'Sporting Blood' and 'Hell Divers.' 'Susan Lenox,' with Greta Garbo, didn't hurt anything, either. I was being put into excellent stories with three of the most glamorous women of the screen—Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo and, with 'Possessed,' Joan Crawford. The publicity was still burning at fever heat."

It was at this stage of his career that Clark could not appear in public without having his tie torn off or his shoe laces clipped by hysterical souvenir-hunters!

He continued, "I still hadn't got my bearings, or adjusted myself to the swing upward, when along came 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Strange Interlude.'"

He lighted a cigarette, and grinned: "If 'A Free Soul' was the peak of the Gable career, I should certainly rate 'Polly of the Circus' as its low point—with 'Strange Interlude' not doing much to improve matters. Came the lull—and with good reason!"

"In the first place, I don't look like a minister, nor do I look like a repressed doctor—rôles which I portrayed in those two pictures, respectively. I was out of line both times. I couldn't even make myself believe that minister part. I was even more out of tune with the thwarted doctor as conceived by Eugene O'Neill in 'Strange Interlude.' Naturally, this feeling reflected in my work. The public is not as easily fooled as Barnum led us to believe."

"On top of that, while I was abandoning my particular type of rôle, other studios were developing players that were flatteringly referred to as 'other Gables.' No longer was I definitely typed with the sort of rôle I had started with. While Gable was performing as a hero, several other gentlemen were *humanizing heavies* in one grand manner. In other words, the competition had set in. In still other words, it was no longer a Gable-novelty to see a gent getting rough with the heroine. Critics began to call attention to the fact that I was miscast. In view of the temporary Gable depression, the publicity slowed down."

Calls "Lull" a Piece of Luck

"I THINK that pause—that lull—in my career was the best thing that ever happened. It couldn't have gone on as it was, anyway. It's true that the public may make a 'sensation'—but they can begin to resent the idea awfully fast if the point is hammered home too often. Remember, too, that the sudden rise and lapse of my screen

(Continued on page 77)



Skinny! New way adds pounds quicker than BEER

Astonishing gains with sensational double tonic. Richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks



FOR years doctors have prescribed beer for skinny, run-down men and

women who want to put on flesh. But now, thanks to a remarkable new scientific discovery, you can get even better results—put on firmer, healthier flesh than with beer—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining pounds of solid, beauty-bringing flesh—but other benefits as well. Muddy, blemished skin changes to a fresh, glowing, radiantly clear complexion. Constipation, poor appetite, lack of pep and energy vanish. Life becomes a thrilling adventure.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, called Ironized Yeast, is in pleasant tablet form. It is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast—the richest yeast ever known—which through a new process has been concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast concentrate is then *ironized*—scientifically combined with three special kinds of iron which strengthen and enrich the blood—add abounding new energy and pep.

Watch the change

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, you'll see ugly, gawky angles fill out. Hollow chests develop and pipe-stem arms and legs

round out attractively. Complexion becomes radiantly clear—indigestion disappears—you'll have new, surging vitality, new self-confidence.

Skinniness dangerous

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting diseases than the strong, well-built person. So begin at once to get back the rich blood and healthy flesh you need. *Do it before it is too late.*

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast is guaranteed to build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, and not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I. Y." stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE Offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 205, Atlanta, Ga.

12 Lbs. in 3 Weeks

"After taking Ironized Yeast three weeks I gained 12 pounds." Frank Piccunas, 6555 S. Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Name

Address

Is Lilian Harvey Married?

(Continued from page 26)

I really think I'm freer than most birds."

Miss Harvey claimed that she came to America open to conviction on the subject of marriage. "Because American men ARE nice. When an American man smiles at you, you know it is perfectly all right to smile back."

"Very Lonesome" Without Him

AND Lilian—the darling of the Continent, and a star in three languages abroad—smiled at all the curious American newspaper men surrounding her.

But if she shrugs her pretty shoulders at those Fritsch-Harvey marriage rumors and calls them "just good publicity" abroad, she isn't so willing to shrug away romance rumors. She told her new friends at Fox Studio that she was very, very lonesome for Willy—six thousand miles away.

She explained, "When I left Berlin to come to Hollywood, I had to send him away from the railroad station. Why? Because we had only one handkerchief between us. When his contract expires in December, he plans to come to Hollywood. Then I shall not be lonesome any more. We love each other very, very much, but that doesn't mean that we are engaged. Certainly not! I am just as free as the birds flying above me." And then she added, "Willy is in Berlin and I am in Hollywood. That is life. But who knows? Maybe I will meet some very handsome and very interesting American man. If I do—"

If she does, will she reveal that she is "as free as the birds"—or will she turn out to be already married? It looks as if we're going to have to wait to see!

But we won't have to wait very long to see Lilian, herself, in her American debut in "My Lips Betray," with John Boles as her leading man—to see this girl who caught America's eye in "Congress Dances" and won the biggest Hollywood contract ever given a foreign star prior to success in American films. And when you do see her, you will be wanting to know what she is like in real life. I'll try to tell you. I spent the first day with Lilian after she arrived in Hollywood—twelve hours of dashing around the town, buying things here and there, renting a house, talking all the time.

It's no use just meeting the girl for an hour's interview. That gives you no idea of the boiling vitality inside her trim little body. It's no use just asking her polite questions and listening to her polite answers. That gives you no idea of her personality. You have to spend the day with her. You have to rush around in her giant white European car, at a speed that will make you shudder. You have to shout at her and let her shout back. In other words, you have to let her be herself, pert and spry and sometimes cynical. She's clever, but not clever in that way which men dislike.

Takes Unusual Exercise

HER taffy-colored hair is naturally that way. And she gets that figure and fresh complexion from constant exercise—and the queerest exercise. She walks the tight-rope, every morning for an hour. She strings the rope across her garden, six feet above the ground, and prances across it, dances expertly, while it sags and quivers. It brings all her muscles into play, she says. It keeps down her weight and preserves her balance. Notice her easy sway when she walks across the screen!

Among other subjects, we talked of Hollywood's men. "I suppose you'll think me an unromantic soul," she said, "but I'm afraid I'm not going to fall in love with Clark Gable the moment I meet him—or

with Gary Cooper—or with any of the others. I'm dying to meet them, yes—but merely to see people I've so long admired on the screen."

There is just the slightest trace of accent in her faultless English. She was born in Muswell Hill, in London, and her childhood, until she was five, was spent there. Her father and mother went to visit in Germany just before the War, and after the conflict had started, they could not return. So Lilian grew up among German children. She learned the language.

And one day, soon after the War, she visited the UFA set where Erich Pommer, the director, was working. He watched the young girl—little more than a child—as she walked confidently among the actors and cameramen. He stopped her and asked her name. She was working in a picture two days later, and her film career was launched.

For three years now, she has been the toast of Europe. Go to Frankfurt, Munich, Paris, Vienna, Budapest, London—where you will; you will be sure to find a Lilian Harvey film playing. She has made scores of them—in English, French and German. She speaks all three languages, and even now is busily learning a fourth, Spanish. Her French is really quite poor. But the French people love it, even as we love the atrocious English of Maurice Chevalier (who, by the way, has been sending her flowers and showing her the town).

How She Rates in Germany

WHEN Germany heard the news that their favorite had signed a contract that would tear her from them to go to Hollywood, there were actual riots, and the newspapers protested this national calamity in huge headlines.

Life during the last eighteen months in Berlin has been very good to Lilian Harvey. Her parents were never able to give her much luxury, and she has pined all her life for beautiful clothes and fine cars. Her success in films allowed her to gratify those yearnings. She had her house in Berlin, and her villa not far away from Maurice Chevalier's on the Riviera and her fast racing car, in which she zipped over the miles between.

We looked over the Beverly Hills house that Lilian had just leased. She trounced through the rooms, pouncing on cushions here, books there, chairs in this spot, buffets in the other. She flung them all over the place; flung them with that carelessness that is typical of her whole attitude toward life.

"I'm going to like Hollywood," she said between her furniture bouts, "because it's so full of people. Human beings seem more interesting here, somehow, than they do in Berlin. The men are keener, more handsome, more charming. The women are slimmer and more beautiful."

Then into that car of hers again. Down Sunset Boulevard at a pace that froze my ears and had me mumbling my last wishes, but only intoxicated her, until her silken locks were flung behind her and her eyes sparkled. And then in her dressing-room at the studio, over a cup of tea, she began to talk in more subdued tones.

Likens Camera to a Lover

"I HAVEN'T come to Hollywood," she said, "with the attitude of some of the stars from Europe. I was a success there. Few people know me here."

"But I think I shall win through to success. I think I shall win through because there is so much of the cosmopolitan in my make-up. I understand men. And only

women who understand men can succeed in films. The camera is like a new lover. It has to be wooed and won—and wooed and won with tricks more skillful, more artful, more coy than any of those that ordinarily ensnare a man.

"I think I shall win through because I am at heart a sentimentalist. This brittle veneer that covers me really is a veneer, you know. It's superficial, this banter. It is something I put on years ago to cover up my lack of poise, when I was young and unschooled in Berlin. I drop it when I'm acting. That's funny, but I become natural then.

"That's why it's so essential that I act with some man I like. Then our scenes together can be real, sometimes even overdone because they are meant so much, are so sincere. That's why I acted so well with Willy Fritsch and Henry Garat. I liked them both. That's why I'm going to act so well with John Boles. I like him, too."

She said the words abruptly and set her cup down. She grabbed the telephone and began to call frantically. A few minutes later her car was outside, waiting for her. She hurried outside as though her life depended upon reaching it before I could put my overcoat on.

A few minutes later her car was moving away, and I shouted desperately to ask her where she was going.

"To see the sea," she shouted back. "To see the sea. I've just remembered Hollywood has some."

And around the corner the big car zipped. And if that's the pace Lilian Harvey is going to set for herself all the time she is in Hollywood—well, please find me a man who is going to keep up with her!

Clark Gable Sizes Up Clark Gable

(Continued from page 75)

fortunes had happened within a span of two years—and I was not yet officially a star!

"I regard 'Red Dust' with Jean Harlow as the first normal-reaction picture of my career. It also reinstated me in my correct medium. I had a swell story and another glamorous co-star; and, for the first time since 'Dance, Fools, Dance,' I figured I was once more on solid ground. I was lucky enough to get a repeat picture immediately following that in 'No Man of Her Own,' on loan to Paramount. I mean, I was repeating in a rôle that was congenial to me, a rôle that was my sort of thing! I consider 'No Man of Her Own' my first real starring rôle! Funny that it should come to me away from my own home lot, wasn't it?

"I hope that from now on I am going to stay set for awhile. Now that the up-and-down, chute-the-chute stage of my career has been more or less safely passed, I want nothing better than to maintain an average level of good pictures with good casts—pictures that neither are hysterically sensational nor offer minister rôles!

"I don't know about 'The White Sister.' As I remarked before, it is a follow-up on Ronald Colman; and following up on Ronnie in any rôle isn't something any actor would wish on himself! But the studio feels that it is a swell picture—and Helen Hayes is grand.

"We shall see," said Clark with a chuckle, "what we shall see!"

P.S. Last night I saw a secret preview of "The White Sister." Clark Gable is sort of grand, himself. With this very sympathetic performance to his credit, we believe that the "Gable depression" is over for good and that Clark will take his place as a permanent star just where he belongs—right up at the top!

Do something for your SKIN



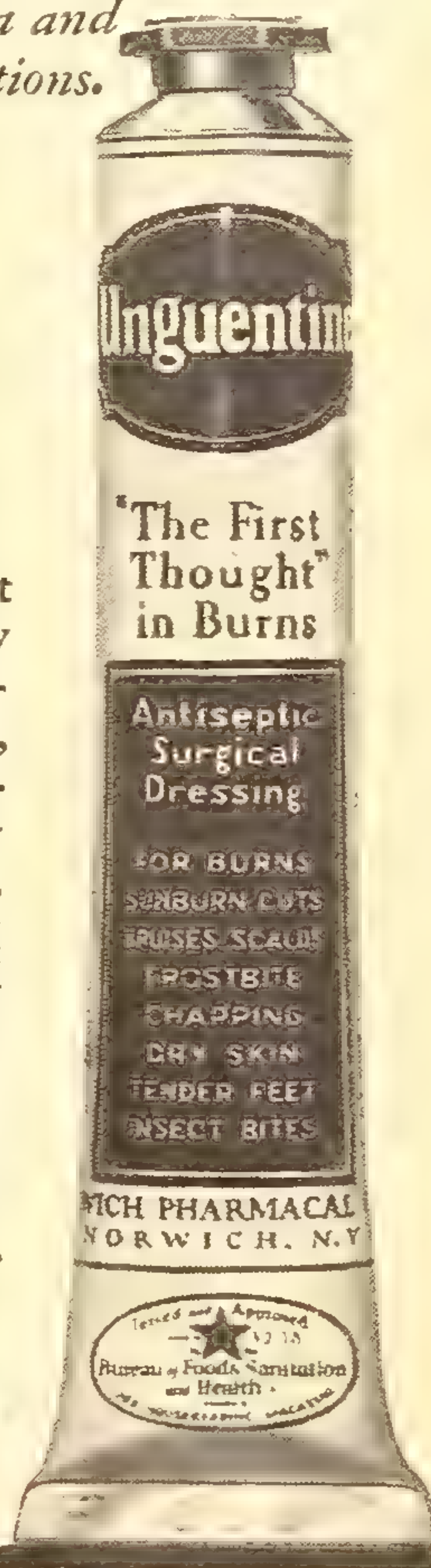
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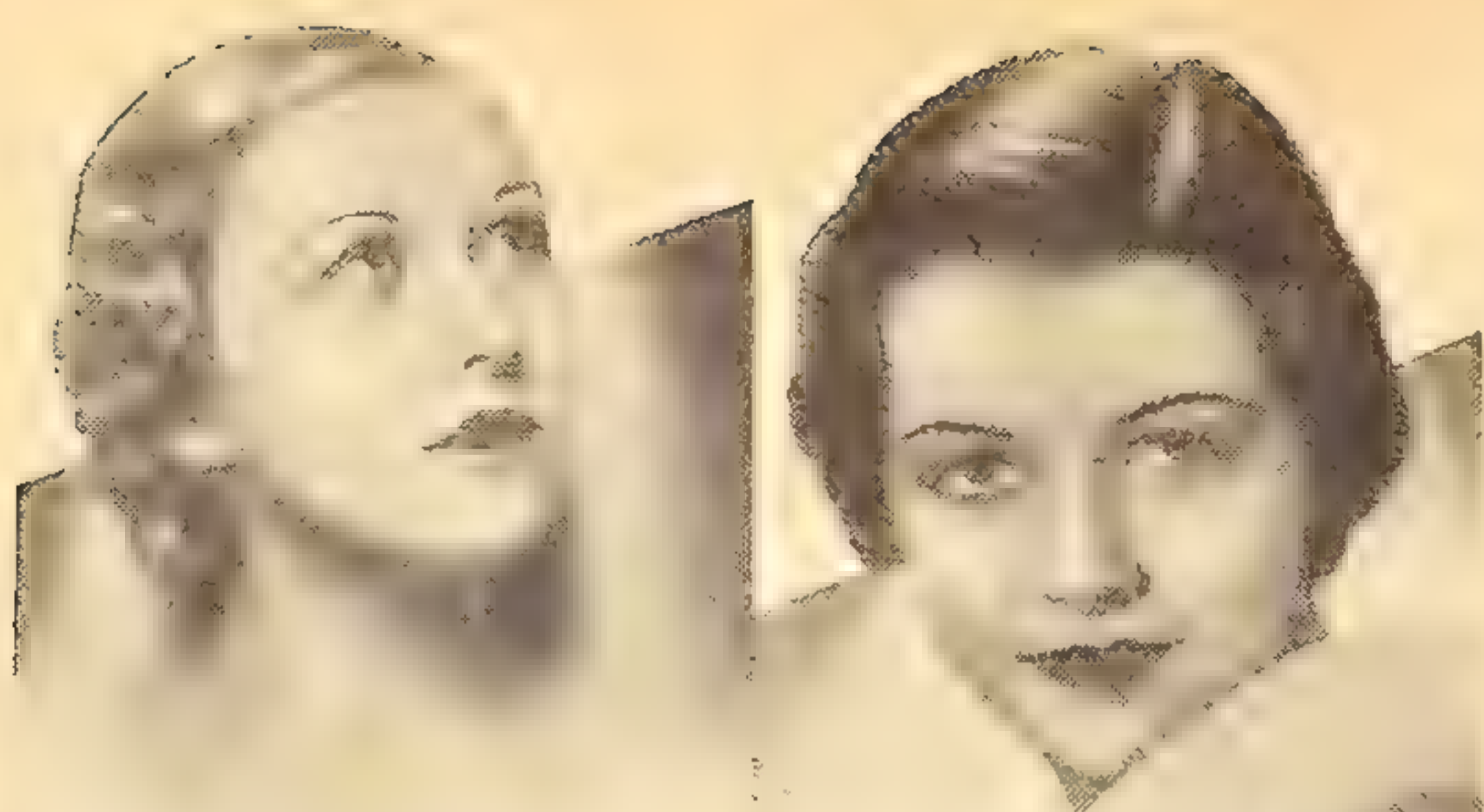
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"It's Your Duty to Spend!" Says Carole Lombard

(Continued from page 51)

letting some of their help go because there is no need for them. There are no customers. It is up to us women to create that need, to become customers again.

"The only difference Bill and I have made in our shopping this past year has been to buy practical things for the majority of people, not only for Christmas, but for birthdays and anniversaries and for all the occasions when giving was at all possible. Things they needed—because the majority of people have not only avoided extravagance; they have also gone without the necessities, thus making millions of others go without the necessities also. For many of us, this depression has been almost a pose, an attitude, a frame of mind."

Carole, by the way, is just as firmly and just as ardently Mrs. William Powell as ever, unless my eyes and ears deceive me. She was calling Bill on the 'phone as I arrived in her dressing-room, and she was apparently calling Bill just because she felt like calling him, and for no lesser reason. And the conversation that went on was as carefree and endearing as any conversation I overheard during their pre-wedding days. That much for all the rumors!

But to let Carole continue: "Bill and I have not changed our mode of living one iota. We have bought more than we ever bought before. We have given more than we have ever given before. We have bought and given a little differently, perhaps, with more thought to the particular need and requirement; that's all. We have cut the wages we paid our help a trifle here and there. But that does not cause suffering. The money they receive now is equivalent to the money they had before the cut, because everything is so much cheaper. And—they are positive of work and a home."

Having Fun Is a "Duty"

"**B**ILL and I go to the theatres just as much as we ever did. And where, formerly, we went only for pleasure and because we felt like going, we now go because we feel it is our duty, too. We want to do our bit to keep the nation's fourth largest industry in running order. We go to cafés and night-clubs for the same reasons. We dine and entertain as we always have in the past."

"I buy as many gowns and shoes and coats and hats as I ever did, and pay, approximately, as much for them. I keep our house filled with flowers, as I always did. I ride in the same cars. I buy the same number of books. I subscribe to just as many magazines; perhaps more. Probably the only extravagance we have omitted from our list is gambling. We used to go to Caliente and do a bit of that. We've stopped. Gambling is not spending money; it is throwing it away. And while I maintain that it is our duty to be extravagant, I do NOT mean that it is our duty to be reckless fools."

"I want to emphasize the fact that I DO believe in spending money, even in being extravagant, but I also believe in knowing that the money you spend is going to profit others, as well as bring pleasure to yourself."

"We give as many parties as we ever gave. Parties employ caterers and waiters and florists. As a matter of fact, I think that Hollywood, as a whole, has maintained a pretty steady keel where spending is concerned. No reason why it shouldn't, because there is no doubt about it—Hollywood is less badly off than most other places in the world to-day. Perhaps one of the reasons why we of the screen have not



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changed our ways of living so radically is because actors and actresses are notoriously free from worry about Tomorrow.

Hollywood Still Spends

"THERE is a lot of talk about the 'depression' here, of course. On every hand you hear screen people saying that they can't entertain as they used to do, and so forth. But Bill and I haven't noticed any difference, either in the quantity of entertaining or in the quality.

"As a matter of fact, it is odd for me to be counselling extravagance because extravagance means so little to me. No, don't look surprised—it's true. I've been through it both ways from the middle, and I know what I'm talking about. My family had money—and then they lost their money. And long ago I knew the meaning and the value of being well cared for and of poverty.

"And I found that I was just as happy in a one-room apartment with one dress to my name as ever I was in a de luxe apartment with a brimming wardrobe. I can make a one-room apartment look as charming as I can make a mansion look and get just as much satisfaction out of it. I can have just as many laughs in a \$3.95 gown as I can in a creation at seventy-five times that amount. I can find interests just as vital, to me as the interests I have now and—they will cost me nothing. *I wouldn't have a single pang of fear if I were told that I would be poor again tomorrow.*

"I'm not helpless. I can cook as good a dinner as anyone would want to eat. I can make beds and sweep and dust. I can manicure my own nails, do my own hair, dry-clean my own dresses, launder my own lingerie, shine my own shoes. I can have as much fun on a picnic in the woods as I can on a de luxe barbecue in the home of a millionaire.

"I can ride in a Ford and get places just as happily as if I were riding in a Rolls. And if I haven't a Ford, I can walk—I still have feet. I can have just as much fun bathing in the ocean, which is free, as I can in a tiled and private swimming pool. In other words, I am not advising women to be extravagant because it is the breath of life to me to be extravagant—but because I believe it is our *duty* to be extravagant, if we can.

"There are going to be changes such as few have dreamed about in this motion picture business of ours. The old days of the mammoth salaries are gone, never to return. Before very much time has passed the salaries we once knew about—salaries of five and ten thousand dollars a week and even more—will sound like the tales of Ali Baba and the forty thieves. And these changes, or I'm no prophet, will occur within the next three to six months. The bank holiday started the cuts—cuts going all the way to fifty per cent. These were temporary, but permanent cuts are coming. They *have* to come.

"The old days of paying fabulous sums for 'names' will likewise be gone. A name, any name, no matter what it has stood for elsewhere, will be paid only what it earns here, in Hollywood, on the screen. Names that may have mattered enormously in London, New York or Podunk will get now only what they give, dollar for dollar.

"I believe that, when these changes are upon us, we will find that we no longer draw opulent salaries, but will be paid moderate weekly sums and will cash in on a percentage, OUR percentage, of the pictures' profits. We will be paid precisely what we are worth; we will receive what we EARN; no more, no less.

"And it's all one to me—I can be rich or poor. I can draw a big salary or earn a meagre living. But so long as life holds a vital interest for me, so long as I can laugh, I'm not worrying about 'rainy days'!"



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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 33)

FRANCHOT TONE was being politely put on the carpet by a member of the M-G-M publicity department because he (Tone) would not talk about himself when being interviewed. "You shouldn't be so modest," the P.-A. reprimanded him.

"You're wrong," Tone replied, "I adore to talk about myself. But most of the reporters I have met are so crazy about talking about *themselves* I don't have a chance!" Incidentally, he was seen stepping out with Maureen O'Sullivan during a lull in her romance with Jimmy Dunn. But it probably doesn't mean a thing!

WAS Maurice Chevalier—mad when somebody taught eight-months-old Baby LeRoy (who is featured with Maurice in "A Bedtime Story") to give the "razzberry"! Chevalier thought it was cute . . . until they started to work in the close-ups. Then every time he opened his mouth the baby would give him the "bird." The company was held up one entire afternoon while Baby LeRoy was put to bed. It was hoped that when he woke up he would have forgotten his distracting little trick.

HOLLYWOOD'S latest amusement is shooting marbles. The M-G-M "champ" is Robert Montgomery. Richard Arlen is meeting all the Paramount comers. And Richard Dix is the "hot shot" at RKO.

ESTHER RALSTON returned to Hollywood after two years of a film career in England for the sole purpose of "selling out" her home and her beauty parlor. She is planning to make her permanent home in England.

During her short stay we saw Esther at the Universal preview of the English film, "Rome Express," in which she stars. Strangely enough, Esther plays the rôle of a movie star! She says England is grand . . . she's crazy about working in English movies . . . and she is one of the most prominent of screen stars over there. Her name was featured above Conrad Veidt's.

EVIDENTLY, there is to be no jealousy between those two Fox stars, Janet Gaynor and Lilian Harvey. Other "ingénue-ish" ladies on the Fox lot have been heard to hint that Janet was not overly cordial to them and the folks couldn't help wondering how the little queen of the lot would react to the arrival of the beautiful Harvey. Just to settle the rumors, Winnie Sheehan entertained at a large party in honor of both of them, and Janet and Lilian were more than politically polite. They seemed to like one another. By the way, we hear that Fox spent five thousand dollars redecorating a dressing-room for Lilian.

THE Marlene Dietrich-Maurice Chevalier pal-ship seems to have slowed down to a walk for some reason or other. Maybe Maurice got just a little bit bored with Marlene's trousers. Anyway, he has been stepping out with such be-skirted charmers as fluffy little Lilian Harvey and svelte Adrienne Ames. Marlene must be getting just mildly bored with her trousers, herself. She appeared at the Coconut Grove the other night in a long full skirt.

JOAN CRAWFORD had planned an informal little dinner party for six. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable and Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacArthur were to be the guests of



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Joan and Doug. At the last minute Clark Gable and Helen Hayes discovered they would have to make added scenes for "The White Sister" that night. Charlie MacArthur received a rush call to doctor up a script. Mrs. Gable was suffering from a cold. And to cap the climax young Doug was detained at a story conference. This should give you a fair idea of the joys of entertaining in Hollywood.

IT looks as if Marie Prevost and Buster Collier have kissed and made up. You can hardly turn around in Hollywood that you don't run into Marie and Buster, motoring, lunching, dining or dancing. Another surprisingly friendly couple are King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman Vidor. And after those sensational divorce charges, too!

SKEETS GALLAGHER'S wife, Pauline, has opened a smart dress shop in Westwood, called *The American Maid Shop*. The dresses are just too attractive for words and not a thing in the house costs over \$25.

Bebe Daniels, Leila Hyams and Sally Eilers turned model for the first fashion tea and did the natives of Westwood get a kick out of buying a new Spring dress right off the back of Bebe, or Sally or Leila!

HOLLYWOOD has gone in for "community sings" with a vengeance. Next to shooting marbles it is the favorite indoor sport. The last big party at *Pickfair* before Mary set sail for Europe was marked by lusty singing, and so anxious was Mary for all her guests to "know the words" that she had the songs all printed up and passed around.

Joan Crawford is another who goes in for rallying her party guests about the piano. Joan always engages a pretty young "torch singer" who starts the songs in action and coaxes in the timid voices!

But to cap the climax, Moss Hart got on his feet the other night at the Cocanut Grove and led the entire room into song with "Say It Isn't So."

ALL the Young sisters . . . Loretta, Sally Blane and Polly Ann have gone in for bicycle riding. How do I know? Well, I can look out my front window these early Spring mornings and see the pretty things as they set out. Another vantage spot I can see from my front window is Jean Harlow's new house. Come to think of it, my front window would be a swell spot for Walter Winchell's headquarters.

JEAN HARLOW'S favorite slang phrase is: "How am I doin'?" Sally Eilers' is: "Let's skip it."

THEY say Gary Cooper thinks Lilian Harvey is very, very attractive!

THE biggest professional laugh of the month is the tough time RKO is going through trying to make the heroine of "Déclassée" *déclassée*. At the time Ethel Barrymore starred in this story on the stage it was very *déclassée* for an Englishwoman to be divorced! Well, that was ten or twelve years ago and times have changed, Agnes, times have changed! It would be awfully hard to make an American or an English audience believe that divorce had affected a lady's social status in this day and age. In fact, when you come right down to it, there are very few "social sins" for women, any more. RKO has come to the sad conclusion that the only vice left



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which is really frowned upon is *stealing*! Hence, the heroine will be a polite lady thief.

RUTH CHATTERTON is suffering from two broken fingers! The painful accident occurred when the door of Ruth's town car was slammed shut on her hand. Ruth was rushed immediately to an emergency hospital, where her entire hand was put into a cast. The mishap will delay the starting date of her next picture by several weeks.

POLLY MORAN has turned down a new M-G-M contract in favor of a radio offer which will net her \$3,500 weekly! Loretta Young and Bruce Cabot are getting out and around together. So are Estelle Taylor and John Warburton.

AT the Glendale preview of "The White Sister" the house was nearly shaken down with applause when the names of Clark and Helen were flashed on the screen. But the swell part of this story is that the clapping was just as loud and enthused when the picture was over. And That's what really counts!

SIGNS of early summer production slumping have already hit the studios. 'Tis said Warners will shut down very shortly for about a six weeks' period. M-G-M will take it easy. Ditto for Paramount. Pity the poor Hollywood extras. Meanwhile, the stars are on half-salary.

THOSE who flew at Marian Nixon with hammer and tongs "because she was giving back her adopted baby" at the time of her separation from Edward Hillman, Jr. had to turn around and apologize . . . and rightly so, too. The California laws do not permit a divorced woman to adopt a child . . . especially if her marital status has changed during the first year of the adoption. No one felt more terrible than Marian about having to give up the baby boy she had learned to love so much. We hear, however, that Marian has set aside a certain amount of money for the education of the little boy and that she will never lose touch with him. How's that for a grand gesture—and showing that her heart is in the right place?

THE death of Mrs. Antonio Moreno in an automobile accident on the morning of February 23rd was a sad shock to Hollywood. Mrs. Moreno and a friend were on their way to breakfast at the hilltop home of her daughter, Mrs. Francis Tappan, when the car swerved over a twenty-foot embankment, killing Mrs. Moreno, instantaneously, and critically injuring young Rene Dussac, a family friend, who was driving the car. Just a week before her tragic death Mrs. Moreno, who had been Daisy Canfield before her marriage to Tony, had reluctantly admitted her separation from the actor. Moreno collapsed when he heard the news of his wife's death.

ZITA JOHANN, while not fatally injured in another automobile accident, is lying in a hospital not knowing whether, or not, she will ever be able to resume her camera work. Severe cuts about the face and scalp may keep her from the screen for many months, her doctors have announced. Zita was returning from a party in the car of John Houston, young Hollywood writer, when the machine crashed into a post, hurling her from the vehicle.



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Your editors got to thinking about all this silly rot the other day—wondering what the typical feminine campus modern is **really** like. That's when we made the great discovery. College girls are exactly like other young women of the day . . . only more so.

When the College Girl is beautiful, boy, she's beautiful, no foolin'. She doesn't take a back seat for Broadway or Hollywood. The fact is many campus beauties now lend luster to both these leading national exhibits of girlish what-have-you.

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Dr. Copeland Smith in "Co-Ed Farmerettes" hands sweet girl graduates some advice most of them will find hard to take. It's one answer to the question "What to do when college days are over." Other famous writers, too, contribute controversial articles that will keep you all upset until far into the night.

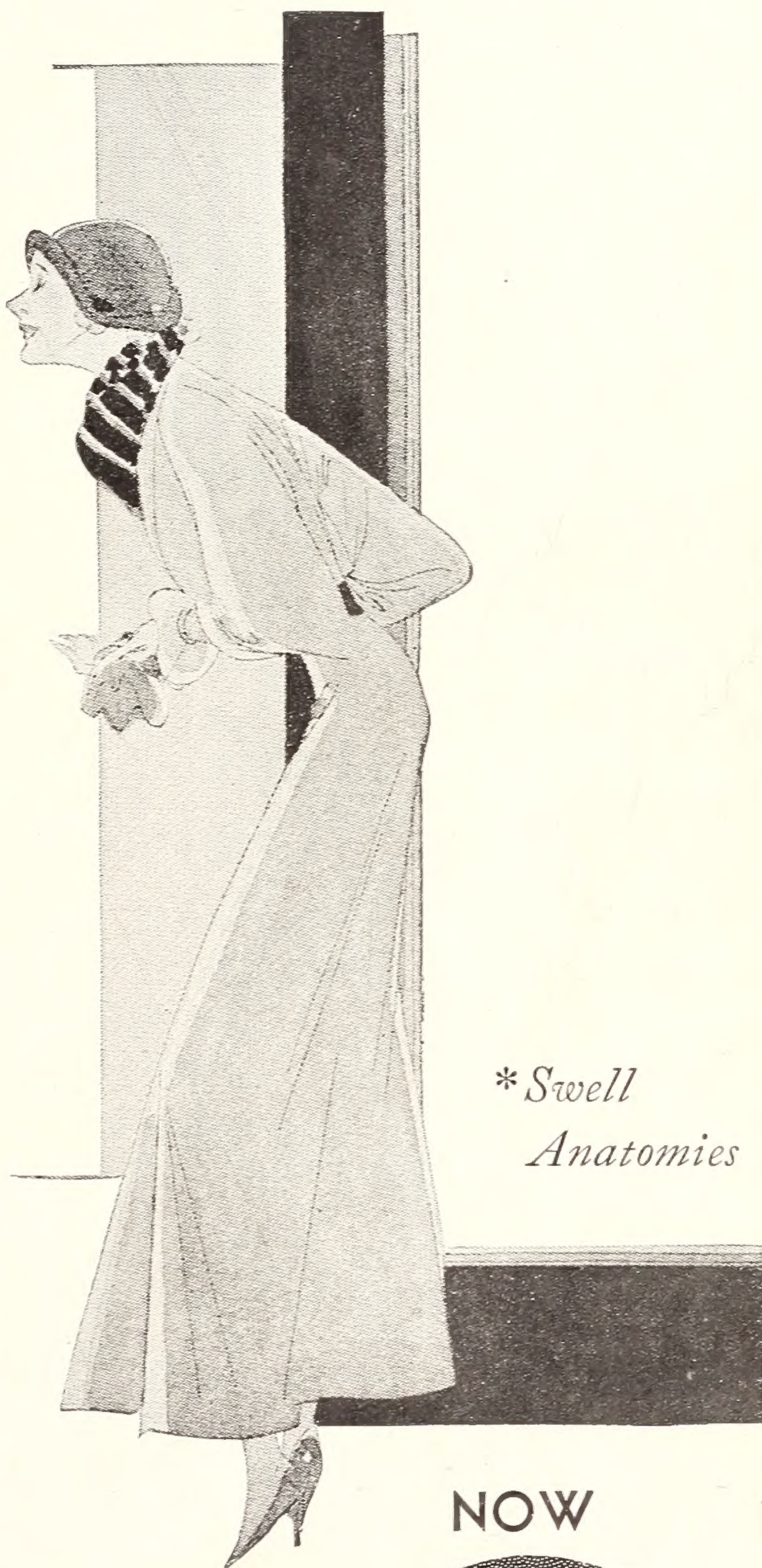
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And then, of course, College Humor And Sense for April is still college humor in the wittiest of its rollicking fun formula. All the newest laughs and wise-cracks of the Campus dished up in one hilarious, rib-splitting package.

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